

The Listener

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E. Lewis

Chestnut blossom in a Kentish lane

In this number:

Germany's 'Young Turks' (Terence Prittie)
Liberalism, the Generous Creed—I (Christopher Morris)
Religion in America (Norman Birnbaum)



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Germany's 'Young Turks'

By TERENCE PRITTIE

LAST month one of the west German parties, the Free Democrats, held their annual congress in the staid and homely Franconian town of Würzburg. It is said of Franconians that if there are ten of them and ten tables in a restaurant, then all the tables will be occupied. They have a gift for keeping themselves to themselves, and so it is hardly surprising that the Free Democratic congress caused no ripple of interest in Würzburg itself. Yet this congress was a turning-point in post-war German history. Out of a party consisting of a collection of individuals at odds with each other and themselves a burgeoning third force of German politics. Würzburg marked the end of the era of pretence—pretence that the Free Democratic Party was modest, middle-of-the-road, and liberal.

Three things happened at Würzburg which should give an idea of the nature of the third force which is emerging from its long and uneasy chrysalis stage. The first was that a group of young men, who have been busy and—up to four months ago—unostentatiously gaining experience of political management and manipulation, struck a bargain with the remnants of the old liberals among the Free Democrats. This bargain—entailing the retention of Dr. Dehler, chairman for four years past, for just one year more—will be revised in the spring of 1957, in good time for the Federal election which will take place in the late summer. The young men—or 'Young Turks', as they have come to be called—are mostly aged between thirty-five and forty-five. Their strength is in North Rhine-Westphalia, in by far the strongest and richest *Land* branch of the party. They have systematically purged that *Land* branch of genuine liberals. They have been working in this way for at least four years, with patience and dexterity. At Würzburg the Young Turks decided not to depose Dr. Dehler, since that would look like a withdrawal in the face of their declared enemy, Federal Chancellor Dr. Adenauer. The Dehler-Adenauer quarrel was one of the root causes of the split in the Federal coalition two months ago. At Würzburg one of the Young Turks, Wolfgang Doering, declared that if the new executive is as bad as the old, we shall take immediate steps to deal with it. The young men, however, took the precaution of

placing their nominees in seven out of eleven key party appointments.

The second significant development at Würzburg was the frank declaration of the Free Democrats that they will reserve the right to ally themselves with either of the two main political parties after the next Federal election. For fear of barring a future partnership with either the Christian or Social Democrats, no declaration at all of policy was made at Würzburg. Few people envisage Dr. Adenauer scoring the same sweeping success in 1957 that he won in 1953. The Christian Democrats are unlikely to be in a position to govern with the help only of its two present partners, the German Party and the Free Democrat 'rebels' who now form the 'Free People's Party'. The Free Democrats will treat the Christian Democrats as their arch-enemy between now and the Federal election, for tactical reasons. Alone among German political parties they realise that the only big floating vote is in the middle class, which has so far formed the Christian Democrats' fairly solid right wing. Even Dr. Dehler, with his present obsessions about Christian Democracy, admits the feasibility of a post-election alliance with the C.D.U. (Christian Democrats).

The third development at Würzburg was less subtle. The Free Democrats indicated that they will savagely criticise political opponents and parliamentary institutions. Their hatred of Dr. Adenauer has developed into a psychosis which afflicts the few genuine liberals as well as the Young Turks. One liberal, Dr. Maier, attacked the Christian Democrats repeatedly. He attacked the Americans for, as he put it, making politics 'with the promise of gifts'. He made fun of the frock-coated, top-hatted Bonn Democracy—although it is primarily the work of his former friend and colleague, Professor Heuss. From the Saar came Dr. Schneider with two serious accusations against the Government. He claimed that the Federal security service had collaborated with the French and Saar police in repressing German patriots in the Saar, and that the Federal Government had deliberately tried to break up the three-party, pro-German *Heimatbund* there. Doering said, on the subject of the Federal Defence Committee: 'I am against the recommendations of a committee which consists of generals and colonels

who are quite ready to put the last charwoman into uniform'. There is nothing new in German politics about this technique of jeers; the nazis employed it with great success before they came to power.

These three developments—the emergence of a sworn and single-minded group of young men, the pursuit of a starkly opportunist policy, and the use of smears of a standard political weapon—should be examined more closely if one is to forecast the nature of the coming third force in German politics. For this third force is being created, and the Free Democrats are on the march.

Germany's Strongest Political Cell

First, the Young Turks: a phrase explains their evolution into the strongest political cell in Germany, that of the 'war-generation'. These men were all members of the Hitler Youth, and mostly officers of the Wehrmacht. These bonds of comradeship are more important to them than political ideals. The fact that half a dozen of them held positions of importance in the Nazi Party is, to some degree, incidental. These young men intend to see that the so-called war generation comes into its own. There are two especially disagreeable characteristics about the Young Turks. The first is their worship of political opportunism. Three months ago they forced the Christian Democratic government of Herr Arnold in North Rhine-Westphalia out of office by switching their favours to the Social Democrats. They openly admitted that they were not doing this because they had anything against Arnold, or his government. The formation of a Free Democrat-Social Democrat coalition in Düsseldorf had only one purpose—to check the strength of the Federal Government parties in the upper house of parliament and to reduce Dr. Adenauer's personal prestige.

The Young Turks misused the upper house of parliament, which is meant to represent the interests of the *Laender* and not to be subjected to the manipulations of party politics. Even more unpleasant is their blatant rejection of any political belief. Doering told a reporter that he had never heard of Friedrich Naumann, one of the grand old men of German liberalism. One of Doering's closest associates, Scheel, told a students' meeting in Würzburg that 'the Free Democratic Party must get over its hesitance in seeking and exercising power', and another party member, Dr. Kohlenpoth, summed up with 'the political power of the Party has absolute precedence over all other considerations'. The F.D.P. was founded by Heuss and Hoepker-Aschoff in the tradition of Stresemann and Naumann. It is safe to say that that tradition is stone dead.

In their campaign the Young Turks use invective, ridicule, evasion, and even the technique of the 'Big Lie' perfected by Dr. Goebbels. One leading Young Turk, Herr Willy Weyer, employed a well-known technique in March when he wrote an article explaining that the C.D.U. had tried to introduce an 'unfair' electoral law and the Free Democrats therefore had to leave the Bonn and Düsseldorf coalitions with the C.D.U. In actual fact the C.D.U. had dropped its electoral law before these things happened.

The Federal Vice-Chancellor, Herr Bluecher, told me that no country needed more than Germany to maintain a live liberal tradition. Leading Free Democrats have told me the exact opposite. In their opinion liberalism is a thing of the past and has no function in the modern state. Herr Bluecher left the F.D.P. in order to found what he called 'the typical middle-of-the-road party which Germany needs'. This is going to be an uphill task. The F.D.P. leaders are not interested in middle-of-the-road mentality: they want votes. That is why their policies will be purely opportunist.

How are votes to be won? The Young Turks have no programme—for that is a dangerous thing which binds people to a line of political conduct. But they have plenty of ideas. Until the Federal election they will search for vote-catching gambits and will exploit the fears, difficulties, and prejudices of the German people. Two months ago the F.D.P. was committed to conscription, since the Federal Republic is to raise a twelve-division army for Nato. Today the party leaders are toying with a better formula—a well-trained, highly mobile professional army which will be the pride of the German people. Conscription is unpopular among young Germans, and the F.D.P. wants their votes.

Three months ago the F.D.P. was still committed to a foreign policy which entailed the integration of the Federal Republic with western Europe and a partnership with the West. Today F.D.P. leaders are changing their minds. At Stuttgart their military expert, Dr. Mende, produced a new thesis. His 'plan' foresees the withdrawal of Soviet troops beyond the Oder and western troops behind the Rhine; the

taking over of German defence by a German army; a five-power or fifteen-power pact to guarantee Germany territorially; the absorption of the two Germanies from Nato and the Warsaw Pact; the eventual creation of a German Reichstag after all-German elections. Mende said that if a plan of this kind were not adopted, he expected civil war within five years.

Why should the Mende plan win votes? Because it envisages a 'short-cut' to German reunification, and this is earnestly desired by the masses of the German people. Germans are genuinely bewildered by the confused situation of a split, semi-sovereign, part-occupied country which is held divided by the Soviet policy of peaceful coexistence. For this reason the F.D.P. wants an independent German approach to Moscow. 'Can the price for 17,000,000 east Germans ever be too high?', Dr. Dehler asked rhetorically, and Brentano's sober reply, 'Our freedom is too high a price', passed unnoticed. At Würzburg, Schneider produced his own formulas. The more that a 'half-Germany' integrates itself in 'bogus' European bodies, the farther off reunification became. 'First reunification, then with a united Germany towards Europe' was Schneider's slogan. There should be no conscription. Rearmament should be postponed until progress was made towards reunification. There should be talks between the two German Governments to ease the task of the Great Powers.

The coming third force in German politics will be controlled by young men of great political ambition but no political principles. It will work with what Herr Bluecher calls *Kommando-Gewalt*—applied shock-tactics—and with an eye to one objective only, the winning of votes. This third force will seek to discredit the Federal Government as well as the present workings of parliamentary democracy. One way of doing this will be to increase the pressure of the campaign against Dr. Adenauer. The Federal Chancellor is more vulnerable than ever before. He has been ill. His Government Coalition has been disrupted. He has lost, as a result of the F.D.P. 'coup' in Düsseldorf, solid support in the Federal upper house. His efforts to unify Europe have been frustrated, and his temper—never his strong point—has become increasingly testy. The F.D.P. has magnified his known tendency to make his own decisions into a myth—the myth of Adenauer, the second dictator inside twenty years. Even responsible Germans have accepted this myth. Two months ago the F.D.P. declared that 'in awareness of its Christian Social and German responsibility it was determined to counteract the tendency towards one-party rule'.

The C.D.U. is open to the charge of exploiting religion for political purposes. It will be accused of failure to carry out the sweeping measures of social reform which Federal Germany certainly needs, and of not reducing taxes sufficiently at a time when the Federal Treasury has amassed a reserve of seven billion marks. The C.D.U. has, indeed, neglected home affairs but mainly because of the astonishing complexity of external problems. The F.D.P. will show no mercy on that account during next year's election campaign.

The 'Captive Kite'

Doering, Scheel, Weyer, Mende are slick, efficient, and convincing in their way. They have travelled in Britain and the United States, have studied systems of government there but not necessarily believed in them, have pooled their experience in much the same way as Caesar's murderers. In Dehler they have a captive kite which will be released into outer space at the appropriate time. For the present he is of use to them. He is utterly reckless and his wildest utterances can be disowned when he is finally jettisoned.

In March Dehler turned his fire on Nato. In April he declared that European integration was a fiction. He praised Pineau for criticising western policies. He moaned that his meetings with Dr. Adenauer had been constant 'martyrdoms'. When the Young Turks had achieved their Düsseldorf 'coup', Dehler sent a telegram to Herr Arnold assuring him of 'my strong feeling of fellowship'. Afterwards he explained that this was a mere 'gesture'. At Würzburg he gave up over three-quarters of his two-hour speech to stale and unprofitable accusation against the Chancellor.

Dr. Dehler has helped to ruin German liberalism at a time when Germany obsessed with material profit and bewildered by external problems badly needed an injection of liberal thought. The split in the F.D.P. was only partly his fault but he made no attempt to repair it. The men who left the F.D.P. included the most solid liberals of the lot. Of the thirty-seven parliamentary members who remained only a handful profess liberal principles. And they, like Dehler, Maier, and Becker, are 'frondeurs', men with a taste for tilting at windmills and

sad inability to produce constructive ideas. Herr Bluecher told me:

The first and greatest tragedy of German liberalism was the success won by Bismarck's bayonets; the second was the Treaty of Versailles, for it was made by liberals. The third has been the failure of the F.D.P. to develop.

The Young Turks will not allow history to repeat itself, exactly. They will take over the 'German Programme', drawn up by the party's right wing three years ago, preaching a 'German policy for Germany's sake'. They will plug an anti-clerical line in north Germany, and look for recruits in the south to the discontented middle class and the refugees. They will apply their talent for exact organisation. As the

F.D.P. moves to the right it will attract those chronic non-voters who regard democracy as a decadent western invention.

Will a third force of this kind be a healthy influence on German politics? It may seem too soon to condemn the activities of the semi-emancipated ex-members of the Hitler Youth, but the events of the past few months have been discouraging. German liberalism has suffered a crippling defeat. Elder statesmen like Bluecher, Schaefer, and Preusker have left the F.D.P., and men who brag of their lack of political principles are in their places. These are men who believe in the 'German role in Europe'—a role founded on material power which should entitle them to be wooed by both East and West.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

Spain and the New Order in Morocco

By SIR JOHN BALFOUR

A NEW chapter in the age-old relations between Spain and Morocco is now being written. It opened last month when the Spanish Foreign Minister, Señor Artajo, and the Prime Minister of Morocco, Si Bekkai, signed a joint declaration in Madrid. In this document, which was preceded by a similar declaration signed between France and Morocco in Paris on March 2, the Spanish Government recognised Morocco's independence, and her right to have her own foreign policy and a national army. Talks are being held in Madrid to work out ways in which the declaration can be given practical effect; but for the time being Spain continues to administer her Protectorate or Zone of Morocco.

To understand the significance of these developments it may be helpful to recall certain geographical and historical facts. The Spanish Zone of Morocco has consisted of a narrow strip of mountainous territory, stretching for some 100 miles in all, along the North African coast past the Straits of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean. The larger portion of it is known as the Rif—an Arab word meaning the edge. The Berber inhabitants of this area have proved themselves redoubtable warriors, and thirty years ago it cost Spain much blood and treasure to subdue them. General Franco himself spent many years of his early career in the army on active service in the Rif territory. It was from Morocco that in 1936 he launched his national crusade against the Popular Front Government in Spain: and today picturesquely clad Moorish lancers compose his élite guard at Madrid.

With a population of a little over 1,000,000 the Spanish Zone has included about one-tenth of the total area of Morocco which, incidentally, is often known as the Sherifian Empire. This is because its Sultan descended from the Sherif of Mecca—one of the titles of the Prophet. Spain acquired the territory in 1912 as a result of a treaty between herself and France in which the Moroccans had no share. That arrangement, however, did not affect the unity of the Sherifian Empire which had already been guaranteed under the Franco-Moroccan Treaty of Fez when the French Protectorate in Morocco was established. The Sultan therefore continued to be the legal ruler of both the Spanish and French protectorates, and a viceroy, known as the Khalifa, has represented him at Tetuan, the capital of the Spanish Zone. Thus, as Morocco had remained legally unpartitioned, it was clear that once the French had recognised Moroccan independence the Spaniards could not avoid doing the same.

But in fact the attitude of the Franco regime towards the Arab world, to which Morocco of course belongs, might be said to have eased the path towards Moroccan independence. During recent years Spain has made strenuous efforts to court Arab goodwill. In 1952, for instance, in company with General Franco's daughter and son-in-law, the Spanish Foreign Minister made a long tour in Egypt and the Levant. Treaties of friendship and cultural agreements were concluded with the Arab states, and a number of leading Arab figures, such as the former Regent of Iraq and the Secretary-General of the Arab League, have been encouraged to visit Madrid as the guests of the Spanish Government. These moves formed part of a concerted policy by General Franco to gain international support for Spain at a time when she was emerging from the ostracism to which the western democracies had relegated her after the war.

Where Morocco was concerned, efforts at rapprochement with the Arabs were reinforced by a readiness to condemn the French for the repressive measures which they were to take in their own Zone in the face of the rising tide of Moorish nationalism. Criticism of the French became particularly outspoken in August 1953, when they deposed the Sultan, Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef, without consulting Spain—as they were bound by treaty to do. The Spanish Government therefore continued to recognise the deposed Sultan, and their High Commissioner at Tetuan received a memorial from the local Moorish notables which denounced the action of France and paid eloquent tribute to the attitude of Spain and General Franco. Indeed, the Spanish Government may take legitimate pride in the benefits they have conferred upon their area of Morocco—as I have seen for myself. Under the able direction of their High Commissioner, General Garcia Valiño, much has been done in recent years to improve economic conditions. Irrigation, forest conservation, and hydro-electric works were developed under a five-year plan: farming has been encouraged by the granting of loans to peasant proprietors, the increased cultivation of cotton, the planting of vineyards and almond trees, and the building of centres for the inspection of livestock. Schools have been built by the state, and in them Arabic is the language of instruction.

It is still true, however, that, compared with what was French Morocco, the former Spanish Zone is a backward area. Except for the Rif iron mines, from which Britain usually imports some hundreds of thousand tons of high-grade ore a year, it has no important natural



resources. So it has not experienced the rapid industrialisation which, in French Morocco, has produced the teeming urban centres of Casablanca and Rabat, with their glaring contrasts of wealth and poverty. In Spanish Morocco, poor housing tends to be the common lot of Spaniards and Moors; the proportion of land owned by Europeans is considerably less than in the French Zone, where rich foreign settlers have been exciting the envy of the Moroccans.

Now that France and Spain are relinquishing their roles as protecting powers,

what is likely to be their new relationship with an independent Morocco? Much will clearly depend on the results of the detailed negotiations that each is about to begin with the Sultan's Government. That Morocco today possesses the apparatus of a modern state is largely due to French enterprise, investment, and administrative skill. So it would seem natural that the formula of interdependence employed in the Paris declaration should be given practical expression in ways that will enable France to preserve her interests in Morocco and to contribute to its further progress. So, too, in the task of developing the former Spanish protectorate, the Moroccans may be expected to welcome the help of Spain who, amongst her other benefits, has made generous advances to cover the annual budget deficit of the civil administration in Spanish Morocco. Spain, one of whose leading military commanders, General Mizian, is himself a Moslem from North Africa, is in any case well placed to encourage a continual close association between her own armed forces and those Moroccan units which have for so long distinguished themselves in her service.

But there is also the new Morocco's place on the world stage to be considered. Like Egypt, the Rif territory dominates an entrance to the Mediterranean. And it is perhaps worth recalling that in 1904 Britain accepted France's protectorate in Morocco in return for her acceptance of our protectorate over Egypt. On the pessimistic assumption that whatever happens at one end of the Mediterranean must necessarily reproduce itself at the other, it might be argued that the relations between an independent Morocco and her former protecting powers are likely to prove as unhappy as those now prevailing between ourselves and Egypt. In Morocco, as elsewhere in North Africa, ultra-nationalists and communists are constantly on the alert to foment ill-feeling against Europeans: the opportunities for mischief-making will be all the greater during a period of transition from one regime to another. Confused conditions already prevail in the former Spanish Zone as a result of the present vacuum of power there.

At the same time, there is nothing equivalent to the problems of Palestine and the Sudan to bedevil the Moroccan situation. Unlike Algeria and Tunisia, its neighbours to the east, the Sherifian Empire was never conquered by the Turks. It has thus tended throughout its history to lead its own life uninfluenced by events in other Islamic States. The Sultan of Morocco is, moreover, a religious as well as a political leader, whose outlook is diametrically opposed to communism: since independence became a



General view of Tetuan, capital of Spanish Morocco

people endowed, like themselves, with an ancient civilisation.

In Spain itself the abandonment of the protectorate in Morocco is keenly regretted by many patriotic Spaniards—the more so as General Franco has made it clear that the Spanish authorities would have preferred a gradual evolution towards Moroccan independence. However, the circumstances left them with no other choice. As it is, the Spanish Government looks forward to a prospect of co-operation with the new Morocco to whom it has just appointed an ambassador; and certainly Spanish goodwill towards the Sultan when he was deposed and exiled by the French ensures that Spain's new relationship with Morocco gets off to an excellent start.

The joint declaration of Madrid made no mention of what are known as Spain's places of sovereignty on the coast of the former Protectorate—the flourishing seaports of Ceuta and Melilla, and of their dependencies known as the *presidios*—Alhucemas, and the islands of Velez de Gomera, and the Zafarines. Melilla has been a Spanish possession since 1447 and Ceuta since 1580. Both towns are largely inhabited by Spaniards; they were recognised as forming an integral part of Spain in the treaty of Marrakesh of 1767; they and the *presidios* are both legally and historically Spanish territory. So Ceuta and Melilla are a case apart and keeping them concerns Spanish pride and security as much as keeping Gibraltar concerns the pride and security of Britain.

There remains Tangier. It has been announced in Madrid that Spain, in conformity with her new policy towards Morocco, is ready to join in negotiations to alter the present status of Tangier. Spain is one of the eight powers, including Great Britain, which are represented on a Committee of Control that administers this free port and an area of 225 square miles behind it. The original purpose in creating the international zone of Tangier—itsself an enclave in the former Spanish Zone—was to provide for the protection of foreigners in Morocco, and to prevent this North African strategic gateway to the Mediterranean from falling under the domination of any one of the Great Powers.

The Sultan has remained the nominal sovereign of Tangier, where he is represented by a deputy known as the *Mendoub*. He lately publicly invited the eight powers to reconsider its status. Britain, like Spain, has now agreed to take part in talks about the Zone. As Tangier has never ceased to form part of the Sherifian Empire, its position needs to be reconsidered in relation to the new order of things in Morocco whose stability and peaceful development are clearly of vital interest to the free world.

—Home Service



Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef, Sultan of Morocco, 'a religious as well as a political leader'

The Generous Creed

The Liberalism of the Enlightenment

CHRISTOPHER MORRIS gives the first of five talks on liberalism

IT could be argued that the French Revolution ended rather than began the history of true liberalism. Liberalism is a nineteenth-century word and the nineteenth century was the heyday of liberal parties in many parts of Europe. But in the nineteenth century liberalism became entangled—more by historical accident than by logical necessity—with ideas and forces that are not wholly liberal. In the eighteenth-century Enlightenment liberalism can be seen in a much less diluted form, perhaps for the very reason that the doctrine was not widely held but was almost confined to a small but influential body of philosophers. Many of its apostles were grandees—as grand as Montesquieu or Jefferson—and though they had middle-class hangers-on their doctrine was not yet a doctrine *par excellence* of the middle classes. It was still largely free from its later associations with *laissez-faire* economics. The philosophers were also international in outlook, caring for the rights of man rather than the rights of nations; and their liberalism was very different from the highly nationalist brand of liberalism released by the revolutionary wars.

Benevolence and Efficiency

Moreover, even the connection between liberalism and democracy—a connection that seems axiomatic to ourselves—was not at all clear to most eighteenth-century liberals. They were interested in how men should be governed, not in who should do the governing. They paid much lip-service to the idea of popular consent, but they certainly did not wish that consent to be secured or enforced by majority rule. They were more concerned that men should be governed with benevolence and efficiency than that men should govern themselves. They were willing that tyrants or even despots should do the governing, provided that they were enlightened and ruled in a liberal way, that is, by abolishing torture, emancipating serfs, respecting private property, and tolerating heterodox religions—witness the correspondence of Voltaire with Frederick, or of Diderot with Catherine the Great.

The philosophers were liberal in a literal, etymological sense, for the simple reason that what they put first was always liberty. Their belief in equality and fraternity was limited and weak. Voltaire said he preferred 'to obey a fine lion much stronger than himself rather than two hundred rats of his own species'; while d'Holbach spoke of 'the stupid populace' and argued that artisans and merchants were 'not true members of the state' until they had 'acquired land'.

The liberalism of the philosophers was also pure, to the point of aridity, in another sense; for they were uncompromising individualists. The liberty they wanted was liberty for the private individual, conceived of quite atomistically. They were deficient in the sense of community so marked in later liberals such as T. H. Green. Community-spirit was Rousseau's discovery, and in making it he did much to bring eighteenth-century liberalism to an end. Even the tory Dr. Johnson thought in terms of the private individual:

They make a rout about *universal* liberty, without considering that all that is to be valued or indeed can be enjoyed by individuals, is *private* liberty. Political liberty is good only so far as it produces private liberty.

It is worth considering Boswell's gloss on this; for it reveals the basic assumptions and dilemmas of eighteenth-century political philosophy. He says:

The very essence of government is restraint; and certain it is that, as government produces rational happiness, too *much* restraint is better than too little. But when restraint is unnecessary, and so close as to gall those who are subject to it, the people may and ought to remonstrate; and if relief is not granted, to resist.

Notice that government is assumed to exist to promote happiness, that true happiness is assumed to be something 'rational', that a government which does promote such happiness is entitled to 'restrain'. Yet it is also assumed that a 'rational' people may not need restraint, that all restraint is liable to 'gall', and that the people themselves are made judges of where and when the shoe pinches and restraint becomes galling or 'unnecessary'. The test of good law is not its origin

nor yet its content but simply whether or not the individual likes it.

Behind this lie the further assumptions, almost universal in the age of the Enlightenment, that the government is my employee, my paid agent, whom I may dismiss if I am not given value for my money; and, further, that it is the business of government to make me happy. Nothing is said, as it would have been by Mill or Green, about the possibility of government making me good or of its being more moral or more rational than I am. There is also an unresolved dilemma. Can the test of utility be combined with belief in natural rights, as most eighteenth-century philosophers tried to combine them? If the test is the greatest happiness of the greatest number, then governmental controls may well foster this. Government may be a great convenience or utility. But controls may trespass on the natural right of each individual to pursue his own happiness in his own way. The dilemma was resolved only by an act of faith. It had to be supposed that there was a natural 'harmony of interests'. For some unspecified reason, the greatest happiness of the greatest number was supposed to give *me* personally a surplus of pleasure over pain. For:

Thus God and Nature link'd the general frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

Where did all these assumptions come from and what led to their ready acceptance in the eighteenth century? Some strands in the web are of immemorial antiquity—for instance, the basic liberal idea that individual people 'matter'. The idea is certainly pre-Christian, although it was strengthened by the Christian belief that men 'matter' because they 'matter' to God and have souls to be saved. The Greek Sophists held that Nature meant us to be 'free' and that convention, law, government, had for good or ill taken freedom from us. The Stoics and the Roman lawyers had elaborated the idea of a rational and ascertainable moral Law of Nature which all men can know by means of reason and to which all human legislators could and should conform.

Many of these ideas were accepted or adapted by the medieval church, which also insisted, naturally, that there is a higher law than Caesar's and that man is more than a political or state-obeying animal. It was not for nothing that Lord Acton called St. Thomas Aquinas the first Whig. In the meantime, feudal lawyers developed other concepts which passed eventually into the liberal tradition. I am thinking chiefly of consent, contract, representation, and, above all, the rule of law. Many things which were once feudal privileges grew later into human rights. Several of them can be found in Magna Carta.

The Protestant Appeal to Conscience

The Renaissance Humanists held some belief in man, some belief in happiness, and a strong belief that rulers needed more and better education; but the Reformation was at first in no sense liberal. The Christian Liberty it proclaimed was not political. In politics the Reformation preached Christian Obedience—even if the obedience was to be given to a new authority, to godly magistrate rather than to godly Pope. In time, however, the Protestant appeal to conscience led to a demand for liberty of conscience, for the Reformers gradually discovered that religious liberty mattered more to them than theocratic power. If the elect could not control society, then at least society must leave the elect to follow their consciences in freedom.

Yet liberalism could not come into its own until the grip of the Churches, Catholic and Protestant alike, had loosened. The Churches had taught that government was something mystical, divinely ordained, and that to resist it was to court damnation. They had also taught that suffering on this earth was unavoidable and was often a punishment or remedy for sin; or that suffering did not really matter, that it was something essentially irrelevant. Your soul could be saved for eternal happiness even if your body was a slave's body in this transitory vale of tears. As Rousseau put it, 'the country of the Christian is not of this world . . . it matters little to him whether things go well or badly here below'. Besides, man's efforts to improve his lot would be sure to go wrong because of the taint in him of original sin. For all these

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The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

Personal Liberty

MOST of us have some idea of what we mean when we talk about personal liberty. Perhaps if we are neither professional philosophers nor logicians we have not stopped to define it closely, but if we were to be thrown into prison without due process of law or prohibited from worshipping in the church of our choice, we should certainly feel with indignation that our individual freedom had been infringed. The modern school of linguistic philosophers, who, as was pointed out in this column last week, have now entered the field of political theory and arranged it for an obstacle race, might not let us get away with that so easily. But the historian at least knows that throughout modern times personal liberty has had a distinct meaning for the people of this country. And Mr. Christopher Morris, who has just given the first of a series of Third Programme talks on liberalism (which is printed on another page) is a historian. He rightly points out that in the eighteenth century—the age of enlightenment—personal liberty, though highly valued, was not closely linked with parliamentary democracy or the right to vote. The impulse given to political thought by Locke, whose luke-warm philosophy permeated the age of Queen Anne, was largely in terms of property rights. Mr. Morris also turns back to the seventeenth century and shows how the idea of liberty was then chiefly bound up with liberty of conscience and liberty of worship. These liberties were won by the Puritan Revolution and made firm in the reign of William and Mary. Nonconformity had perhaps more to do with liberty than Mr. Morris allows.

It was in fact from the 'liberty of conscience' established in the seventeenth century that many of our modern liberties flow. But personal freedom was later enhanced and strengthened not only in England but throughout Europe. Serfdom and torture were abolished over wide areas. In England witches ceased to be burned. As Mr. Morris says, not only the British Parliament but Enlightened Despots like Frederick the Great, the Emperor Joseph, and the Tsarina Catherine conferred a wide degree of personal freedom on their subjects. And it was in that century that the middle classes were establishing their claim to take a more important part in government. Nevertheless it is fair to say that it is usually the well-fed man and frequently the affluent one who in the history of liberalism has concerned himself most deeply with personal liberties. The starving man is rarely an agitator and only those who can afford to give up their jobs over a question of principle are happily placed in the last resort to fight for individual rights. That is why most great liberal leaders have been aristocrats—as they were even in the early stages of the American and French revolutions.

Still, though it is true that each century has laid a different emphasis on the character of personal freedom and it has often been fought for against different opponents—not merely tyrants but parliaments, not only employers but also trade unions—it is a conception very dear to many among those whom Sir Winston Churchill calls the English-speaking peoples. Even in times of war and national emergency liberal spokesmen defending personal rights have never been entirely silenced. That is a historical fact. What then can the historian make of the political theorist who tells him, for example, that 'the moral basis of democratic political theory is neither self-evident nor demonstrable'? Mr. John Bowle quotes and criticises this sentence in his forthcoming book *Minos or Minotaur?* It is of course perfectly right that we should in each generation re-examine our political principles—and then be prepared to defend them. But to deny that such values exist would seem to end in self-stultification.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Soviet disarmament

THERE HAS BEEN a certain amount of comment from Moscow on the *communiqué* published after the termination of the Franco-Soviet talks. Moscow Home Service, quoting from *Pravda*, stated that:

All who cherish the interests of peace can say with full confidence that a good beginning has been made for the further development and improvement of Franco-Soviet relations. The final statement covers a wide range of questions, but it is imbued with one common thought—to ensure peaceful coexistence between states. The Soviet Union and France are convinced that mutual respect of territorial integrity and sovereignty, non-aggression and non-interference in each other's internal affairs are the main bases for peaceful coexistence and friendly co-operation between states.

Another Moscow Home Service commentator, quoting from *Trud*, said:

The discredited cold war advocates, the reactionary press in the United States and the other countries of the west, foretold a failure of the Franco-Soviet talks. A bitter disappointment now lies in store for these prophets. The outcome of the talks is another valuable contribution to the further relaxation of international tension and the consolidation of peace.

During the talks themselves, both eastern and western radio and press had expressed their views on the possible outcome of the deliberations in the Soviet capital. A Soviet commentator had emphasised that the 'community of basic national interests between France and the Soviet Union imperatively dictates constant co-operation between them in strengthening peace'. The Polish Home Service also opined that the outcome of the Mollet-Pineau visit to Moscow 'would be no less considerable than that of the leaders of the Soviet Union to Britain'. On the other hand, the French independent left-wing newspaper *France-Tireur* was quoted as stating that:

The Soviet 'new look' and the present state of mind of the collective leadership in Moscow will find in Guy Mollet a man already forewarned. Not only did Tito enlighten him last week on the situation there, but the Prime Minister will receive a detailed report of the visit of the French Socialist delegation. The only thing which can be expected with certainty from the meeting is an improvement of cultural and commercial relations. As to the major world problems, talks with France alone cannot settle these, any more than could Eden's talks with Khrushchev and Bulganin. Like Eden, Guy Mollet will be the spokesman of the three Great Powers.

Much comment has been reserved for the announcement that the Soviet Union is to reduce her armed forces. A Moscow commentator told his listeners that the Soviet decision was one of those events 'which leave a deep imprint in history', and that it showed the Soviet intention to transfer the disarmament question from the plane of general and fruitless arguments to that of concrete action, as well as a sincere desire to help to carry out a practical disarmament programme. Only a country profoundly concerned about peace, and confident in its own strength and that of the forces making for universal security, could take such a decision.

The speaker went on to berate the western governments for their slow response to the Soviet decision, and added:

Certain western newspapers have again resorted to the nauseating trick of labelling this Soviet Government decision as 'propaganda'. . . . Every sane person must by this time be asking himself why the United States does not also make a 'propaganda' gesture and reduce her own armed forces.

Taking the cue from Moscow, Prague Home Service declared:

We in Czechoslovakia are prepared to negotiate a further reduction of armed forces, provided the Nato countries, and first and foremost the Western Powers, take identical measures.

Warsaw Home Service said that the Soviet move had 'caused confusion and consternation among the overt and masked adherents of the armaments race'; while the east German radio complained that 'Washington's comments so far to hand justify the fear that they are turning a deaf ear' to the German people's demands for 'a reduction of United States forces in western Germany, including the withdrawal of atomic guns'. A Zagreb Home Service commentator criticised the sceptics who were prone to see nothing but propaganda in the Soviet decision, or who attributed it to powerful nuclear armaments. In his view, Russia was creating conditions for a new approach to disarmament, and France alone among the Western Powers 'employs the new strategy of peace in the changed conditions'.

Did You Hear That?

AN EXHIBITION AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

AT THE Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon an exhibition was opened recently of costumes, designs, and photographs of the theatre's Shakespearian productions of the past eight years. DAVID WILSON gave a description of the exhibition in 'The Eye-witness'.

The displays are housed in the dress circle foyer of the theatre, a low, almost semi-circular area, carpeted in dark green and with rich dark walls. Against this background my eye was first caught by some of the brilliant costumes. There is the superb gold, blue, and red worn by Peggy Ashcroft as Cleopatra, and with it the gilt winged helmet which made her so imperious a figure on the stage. Then there is the immense red velvet cloak, with a train of yards and yards of the same rich material, worn by Marius Goring in the part of Richard III. Here there are costumes worn by nearly all the great names of the post-war theatre: Redgrave's Prospero; Gielgud's Lear; the Romanesque garb of Sir Laurence Olivier as Titus Andronicus; the cloak and armour of Anthony Quayle in "Othello"; and in a smaller, rather colder group are the costumes of the theatre's three post-war Lady Macbeths.

On the walls behind these costumes are the artists' original designs, many of them works of art in their own right. An artist's designs for a play are traditionally his own property, so many of these beautiful sketches have been loaned by private collectors, and some of these collectors, incidentally, are the actors themselves who wore the costumes. The designs, dozens and dozens of them, reflect the immense variety and types of production we have seen at Stratford recently. There is the historical realism of Andreu and Sainthill, contrasting with the theatricalism of Motley or Leslie Hurry; and, most unusual of all, there are the designs for last year's touring production of *King Lear* by the Japanese sculptor, Noguchi. Now Noguchi as a sculptor apparently does not fancy drawing, and his designs are mostly made up of bits of felt, bits of silver paper and all sorts of other odds and ends, cut out to the right shapes and stuck on to lightly washed grey and blue backgrounds. The result, as those who saw the play during its short runs in this country can tell, is one of monumental simplicity with a slight air of barbarity about it.

The centre of the room is occupied by over 100 photographs of the actual productions. It gives a powerful area of black and white, contrasting with the colour all round. But the photographs, like the costumes, gave me glimpses of detail, close-ups of make-up and jewellery, nuances of expression, which I had never seen from the auditorium; and as I looked at them they brought back vividly into my mind impressions of actual performances, impressions which I was not aware my memory had stored.

And lastly, for those who like the full historical details, there are the programmes of all the Shakespeare productions in the period covered by the exhibition. It is the first time the Stratford theatre has put on such an exhibition, but it may not be the last; Mr. George Hume, the General Manager of the theatre, told me that if this exhibition attracts enough interest, he will consider putting on something

else. "We've masses of material available" were Mr. Hume's words. And, incidentally, the exhibition will be open throughout this season at the theatre at all times when plays are not actually being presented'.

THE BIRTH OF RADIO DRAMA

In a broadcast talk in the Home Service, RICHARD HUGHES described the problems that confronted him when, in 1924, he agreed to write overnight for Nigel Playfair a play specially for the new medium of radio. (This play, 'Danger', was broadcast in the Home Service on May 7.)

'Those were the days of the silent film', he said, 'and our "listening play" (as I dubbed it) would have to be the silent film's missing half,

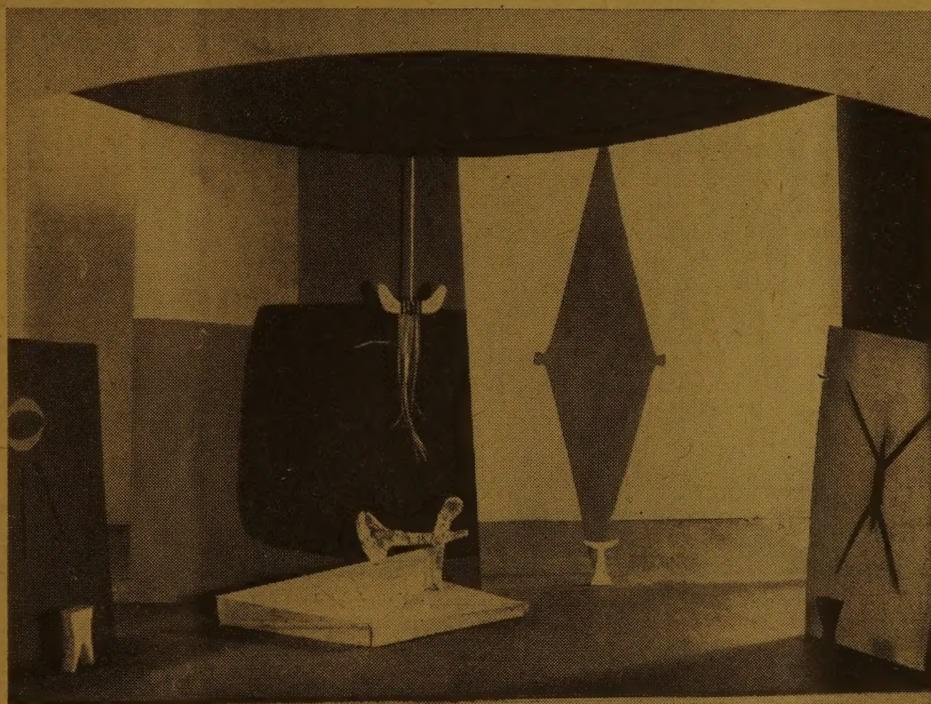
so to speak, telling a complete story by sound alone. Yet even the silent film did not, strictly speaking, rely on pictures only. It used sub-titles. Usually there was a sad man thumping appropriate themes on a piano. Some of the grander cinema-houses even employed an "effects man"; he wound a wind-machine and pattered peas on a drum for the storm scenes; he accompanied the galloping cowboy with clashing coconut shells. We thought of using a narrator but agreed it would be a confession of failure. No, we must rely on dramatic speech and sounds entirely—and it had never been done before.

'Our audience were used to using their eyes; this was a blind man's world we were introducing them to. In time they would accept its conven-

tions but how would they react on this first occasion? Better make it easy for them, just this once. Something which happens in the dark, for instance, so the characters themselves keep complaining they can't see. Perhaps we could get the listener to turn out his lights and listen in the dark.

"Here's a first line for you", said Playfair. "'The lights have gone out!'" Back in my attic flat in New Oxford Street I turned over possible situations. "The lights have gone out!" Not a bedroom scene—there was Major Reith to consider; nor did I care much about bedrooms, to be candid. An accident in a coal mine? I knew nothing about coal mines either, but it offered what I wanted technically. Total darkness; explosions and rushing water; the picks of the rescue-team, and that stripping of the human soul dramatists delight in. But all miners' voices would be too hard to tell apart. Better a party of visitors—an old man, a young one, a girl. So I wrote all night and Playfair got his play with his morning coffee: "Danger".

'With rehearsals and production however, a cold awakening! I had spread myself on sound effects without considering how they were to be done. Someone ran round the corner and enlisted the effects man from a cinema in the Strand—wind-machine and all. But still we could make nothing sound as it was meant to sound; even in the studio, and leaving out of account the primitive transmission of those days which reduced all sounds to a single indistinguishable "wump" which might be the buzzing of a gnat, the clash of swords, the roaring of Niagara or the shutting of a door. Moreover the studio was a vast padded cell designed to make voices sound as if they were floating in outer space.



One of the sets, designed by the Japanese sculptor, Isamu Noguchi, for the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre's production of 'King Lear' last year

How were we to make our voices sound like an underground tunnel? Playfair solved that one by making his cast put their handsome heads in buckets. And the Welsh choir we had collected (in those days, Welsh miners were singing in the London streets for coppers)—the script called for "distant snatches of hymn-singing", but once started nothing could stop these chaps: only one studio, one microphone—Playfair put them in the corridor outside, with a sound-proof door he could open and shut.

But the climax came when we said we wanted an explosion. The engineers had helped all they could, but this was the last straw. Even popping a paper bag would blow every fuse in Savoy Hill. But Playfair was something of a genius, and utterly unscrupulous. Reporters and critics were going to listen in a room specially provided for them, with its own loud-speaker. It would never do for them to hear no more than the diminutive "phut" like the roaring of a sucking-dove, even if that was all the public would get. So Playfair staged a magnificent "explosion" in the room next door to the press-room. Our "explosion" got top marks with the press: they never discovered they had heard it through the wall.

And so—presumably for the first time in history, anywhere in the world—some sort of "listening play" specially written for sound somehow went on the air, thanks to Playfair's ingenuity and the helping hands of all Savoy Hill. Radio drama had emitted its first, faint, infant wail.

DEVON FOLK

'I have been living for two years in Devon', said VIVIAN WILLIAMS in 'Window on the West', 'and I'm gradually coming to understand the local talent for making do and mending. Improvisation of all kinds seems to be a necessary ingredient of their life.

'Take the simple case of a door which I use every day. The men who work in the room into which the door leads want to keep it shut. How do they do it? With a piece of string, a hook and a lump of old iron. Every week (or more often, depending on how quickly the string wears through) one of them will get a new piece of string, tie it to the door handle, pass it through the hook at the top of the door and down to the lump of iron. When the door's opened, the weight of the iron slowly pulls it shut again. Once I asked: "Wouldn't it be easier to fix a spring to the door hinge?" It was not a popular question. They had always done it that way and it was no trouble, really, said the man, tying on a new piece of string.

'It was last year that I came across the first proof of a theory I have had for some time. The theory is that many farmers tend to regard their mechanical equipment in much the same way as they do an unwilling horse. The proof came when I was driving down one of those narrow lanes on the edge of Dartmoor and suddenly found my way barred by a tractor towing a very large hay rake. Soon the rake became wedged tight across the road with its iron wheels gouging moss from the stone banks. Several men who had been shepherding its progress whacked at it with sticks and kicked and prodded it, shouting abuse as though it were alive. Eventually they had to take a piece out of the bank to get it through. It is easy enough to laugh at this kind of thing. But we do not always remember the Devonian qualities that are so lacking in their smart town cousins. If you are in trouble, the Devonian will be the first to offer help.

'But there is one story which to my way of thinking caps the lot. It's got the whole flavour of Devon and I suspect it of having been invented by a foreigner. In it are all the Devonian's instincts for improvisation, his disregard for the law, his ingenious efforts to avoid buying anything new, and above all the humour of his whole attitude to life.

'Somewhere in mid-Devon there is a farm at the top of a hill over

a mile from the village. Many years ago the farmer's wife would drive in to the shops and back again in an old saloon car. But eventually the engine gave up the ghost. Now the procedure is for the farmer's wife to sit in the car, get a push from a farm hand out of her gate, and freewheel down the hill to the village. Then, after he has allowed time for her to make the round of the shops and indulge in a little gossip, the farmer sets off on a tractor, hitches it up to the car and tows it, with his wife and shopping inside, back to the farm'.

RUSKIN REDIVIVUS

In 1870 John Ruskin founded the Guild of St. George which was one of his various ambitious and rather utopian schemes for the welfare of the working classes. It is an association to promote agricultural employment and home industries and for the formation of museums and schools for education in leisure hours and the study of nature, art, and good literature. Whatever it was supposed to do, the main proposition never came to anything; the trustees are still in existence but the Ruskin Museum is the only thing which has survived. It has always been open in Sheffield but has never been particularly well looked after. Dr. Seddon, the curator of the Graves Art Gallery, has now taken the whole thing over, sorted it out, and is planning a series of small exhibitions. Dr. Seddon has called the first one 'Natural and Artistic Beauty', and it was described by STANLEY WILLIAMSON in 'The Eye-witness'.

'What are you to make of an exhibition', he asked, 'in which you turn from an exquisite fifteenth-century Italian painting to look at a lump of crude lead ore from Derbyshire? What is a superbly illuminated missal doing in the same room as a rapid sketch of a "withered oak spray", flies in amber, engravings by Dürer, water colours of New Zealand scenery? It all seems a hopeless hotch-potch, especially when you are told that there is a great deal more that is not on show, including a splendid

stuffed peacock. If you did not know who was responsible for it all, you might decide that it was a successful, self-made industrialist with strong social ambitions, who did not know much about art but knew what he liked. But you do know who was responsible, which makes it all the more puzzling at first sight. It was John Ruskin, sometime Slade Professor of Art in the University of Oxford, who spent fifty years of his life and millions of words propounding and expounding theories on art, morals, economics, and most things to do with the life of man. And the truth is that this strange store of objects was assembled by Ruskin with great care and housed by his express wish in Sheffield, which, as Ruskin saw it, was the home of some of the last surviving English craftsmen—the cutlers and iron workers. "Sheffield", he wrote, "is in Yorkshire, and Yorkshire is yet in the main temper of its inhabitants 'Old English' and capable, therefore, of the honesty and piety by which old England lived". So Sheffield was honoured with Ruskin's museum. Unfortunately, in its old home, the collection was little more than just a collection, overcrowded and bewildering, but by carefully choosing a few exhibits and putting them on show, along with quotations which he has ferreted out with great patience from the thirty-nine volumes of Ruskin's writings, Dr. Seddon, the Director of the Graves Art Gallery, has helped to clarify what appears to be its message: natural beauty, the rock crystal, the unworked emerald; and artistic beauty, a landscape by Turner, a study of a noble piece of Italian architecture. These things are not unrelated. The art of man, to quote Ruskin again, is the expression of his rational and disciplined delight in the forms and laws of the creation of which he forms a part'.



The clock of St. Paul's Cathedral whose chimes, rung by Great Tom, will be broadcast by the B.B.C. while Big Ben is being repaired this year. Great Tom, as explained by HARDIMAN SCOTT, a B.B.C. reporter, in 'Radio News-reel', is the bell which tolls upon the death of the Sovereign or of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Dean of St. Paul's or the Lord Mayor. The clock is one of the largest hand-wound clocks in the world, still wound by hand every day. Its three black faces 'look out now upon the smokeless zone of the City of London and the gilt figures are, in fact, carved out of the stone'.

Freud and Copernicus

By NIGEL WALKER

ONE of the exceptional things about Freud was that most of his original thinking was done after his fortieth year, at a time of life when most men, whether they know it or not, are being carried forward by the intellectual momentum which they acquired in their twenties or thirties. Freud continued to produce new ideas until his seventies—some would say until his eighties. As a result, we are still too close to him to plan the scale of his monument. Another difficulty is that the controversy over some of his theories is not dead, and a battlefield is no place for a monument until the last shot has been fired. He regarded himself as the Copernicus of the mind, and also compared himself to Darwin. But his achievements are not so easily defined as those of the great astronomer or biologist. His own followers, when they try to articulate on the subject, tend to be incoherent through enthusiasm or mysticism, while his enemies owe him more than they dare admit. For example, he did not discover, or 'invent', the unconscious. Herbart and von Hartmann did that. What he did discover—and here 'discover' and 'invent' mean the same thing—was a technique for alleviating certain kinds of disorder by making the patient talk. Mesmer, Charcot, and Bernheim had shown how certain disorders could be alleviated if the physician talked to the patient; theirs was the technique of hypnotism and suggestion. Freud, who had studied under Charcot and Bernheim but was not a particularly successful hypnotist, achieved more permanent results than they did by making the patient talk to the physician; this was the psycho-analytic technique.

In some cases this technique worked only if the patient could be brought to talk about incidents which he could not normally remember, or about desires and feelings which he could not admit, even to himself. Freud found it easier to picture the state of affairs in his patients' minds if he visualised them as consisting not only of a conscious, introspectible mind but also of an unintrospectible, unconscious one. In doing this he made use of the Herbartian psychology which he had learned at his Vienna school. The importance of this step was threefold. It was the first real use of the academic science of psychology in a therapeutic technique; hitherto psychologists had made their 'discoveries' in their armchairs or their laboratories, and had neither helped nor been helped by the hospitals and clinics. Secondly, the technique itself was important because its very nature made it necessary to think of the mind in a new way. Till then it had been possible to conceive it as consisting simply of conscious processes—to see it in a two-dimensional way, as it were. Freud's technique forced him, and eventually most of Christendom, to think of it in a three-dimensional way. It was like the discovery of perspective by the early Italian painters.

The Therapeutic Value of the Unconscious

But its real importance lay in the fact that it provided Freud with a method of making use of the close connection which he had observed between the experiences of the infant and the disorders of the adult. He was not the first person to discover that the child is father of the man. What he did discover was how to lessen the effects of childhood upon the mental health of the adult. His method was to treat long-past experiences and emotions as if they were still present in the patient; and the concept of the unconscious was the only thing that made this possible. It enabled both analyst and patient to think of these experiences as being preserved underneath the latter's conscious thoughts. By inducing his patients to think in this way he made it easier for them to revive these experiences. I do not mean that Freud himself regarded the unconscious as simply a useful fiction: he believed in its reality. But whether he was right or wrong in this, its therapeutic value is beyond doubt.

Nor was Freud the first to make the distinction between what he called the 'ego' and the 'id'—between that collection of organised, more or less conscious and more or less consistent bunch of principles and prejudices that we loosely call the 'self' and the unorganised, inconsistent, sometimes unrecognised and often anti-social needs and emotions with which our bodies are endowed. A good deal of the

credit for this distinction, as Freud acknowledged, must go to the unpopular Nietzsche, and some of it to a little-known masseur called Groddeck. What Freud did, and what no psychologist, philosopher, or psychiatrist had hitherto done, was to weld together all these notions—the unconscious, the ego, the id, and one or two additions of his own, such as the superego—and make of them a diagram of the mind that was of practical value for therapeutic purposes. The history of psychology is full of psychological systems; every well-known name belongs to someone who drew a new diagram of our mental processes. Some of these were extremely useful for explaining and systematising the phenomena studied in the laboratory; some of them even made our everyday behaviour seem plausible. But when it came to sorting out the tangle of the disordered mind they proved useless, and the psychiatrist had to rely on trial and error with drugs and shocks and knives. Freud's diagram looked rather different from those of the laboratories; to some it appeared gross and overcomplicated. But the technicians who used it in tinkering with the mechanism seemed to get results.

Freud's explanation of the success of his technique was not necessarily the right one. Even his own latter-day followers think that he attributed too much virtue to the catharsis of the past, and not enough to the patient's relationship to the analyst—in technical terms, the 'transference'. But most psychiatric techniques, even such drastic ones as pre-frontal leucotomy, have been introduced with even less idea of why they worked; and this has not prevented them from working, although it has made the task of improving them a slow and empirical one.

Freud as a Natural Historian

Like many great clinicians, Freud was an observant natural historian of man as an animal. As a clinician, he found that a large number of his patients suffered from some disturbance of normal sexual function. As a natural historian (and a father) he observed what had previously been revealed only to anthropologists and nursemaids, namely, sexual behaviour among the young of the human species, who had until then been regarded as sexless by all right-thinking people. As a psychologist he therefore saw in the sexual instinct the physiological power-source for many adult drives. He was not the first psychologist to emphasise the importance of man's sexual behaviour to an understanding of his whole complex personality. The Frenchman Charcot, although careful in his public utterances, had privately stressed this to the young doctors who studied under him in the Salpêtrière, among them Freud. Meanwhile, a contemporary of Freud, an Australian doctor called Havelock Ellis, was beginning the first volumes of his enormous studies in the psychology of sex. Freud himself began by attributing most neurotic disorders to what he called 'disturbance of the sexual functions'. But he soon saw that this was much too simple to fit the facts, which pointed also to the importance of the other natural functions of the infant—feeding and excreting. As time went on, therefore, his explanations were more and more frequently couched in terms not of sex but of a pleasure-seeking force called the libido, and in his view this, coupled with the instinct of aggression, underlay the apparently diverse forms of human conduct.

Now that we have survived the initial shock to our prudery and pomposity, we can see his notions not as a far-fetched piece of foreign dirty-mindedness, but as an attempt to reduce to the smallest possible number the principles underlying the multifarious pursuits of man. It has always been the aim of science to use William of Occam's razor—to explain with the minimum number of entities. This is what the physicists since Democritus have been trying to do for matter—to reduce it to the minimum number of homogeneous particles.

Many Freudian concepts, such as repression or the wish-fulfilment function of dreams, are such common intellectual coinage nowadays that they need no explanation or comment. What is not so commonly recognised is that underlying them is a startling anticipation of one of the most recently developed sciences—cybernetics. War-time advances in methods of designing automatic gun-aimers, electronic computers, and other self-correcting devices have shown how the principle of

homoeostasis can be used to explain many of the more complex ways in which the human nervous system operates. A homoeostatic device is one which automatically corrects or compensates for any deviation from a predetermined set of values—whether this is a temperature, as in the case of a thermostat, or a height and compass bearing, as with an automatic pilot. Fifty years ago Freud saw that this principle could be used to explain the way in which human beings reacted to stimuli.

At first sight they seemed to seek certain stimuli (such as food) and avoid others (for instance, dangerous animals). Freud saw that it was possible to regard all reactions of this sort not as being of two kinds, positive and negative, but as consisting entirely of one kind—negative, that is, avoidance reactions. Even when we appear to be seeking the stimulus, as we do with food when we are hungry, it is possible to regard this as the avoidance of the pricks of hunger. This point of view made it possible for him to interpret all the reactions of the human central nervous system as designed to protect it from stimuli. The infant cries to protect itself from hunger. In the same way the central nervous system tries to protect itself from certain of its own processes which threaten it with distress, and this kind of internal avoidance reaction is called repression. Another kind of homoeostatic behaviour seemed to operate in sleep; the nervous system tries to protect itself from stimuli that threaten to awake it, and thus creates dreams which disguise the stimulus or delude the dreamer into thinking he has dealt with it. The hungry man dreams he is eating, and does not awake. (As with all homoeostatic reactions, there is a point of breakdown: if the stimulus is too strong the sleeper does wake.) This is what Freud called the wish-fulfilment function of the dream.

Explaining Human Behaviour

This explanation of phenomena such as dreams and repression led Freud to a hypothesis intended to explain all human behaviour. He defined the central nervous system as 'a mechanism of which the function is to reduce stimulation to its lowest possible level'. This is, of course, a completely materialistic definition, and perhaps even more depressing and derogatory of human dignity than most materialism. But if you can overlook this for the moment, it is possible to see in it that profound kind of simplicity that characterised such great scientific thinking as, for example, Newton's laws of motion. Like Newton's laws, Freud's definition is a little too simple to fit all the phenomena; but that is another story. The point is that this hardly recognised theoretical formulation of Freud's would have been a natural accompaniment to the development of cybernetics in the 1940s; but Freud formulated it in 1915. This is not of more than historical interest, for the idea was not taken up and investigated, and it was left to the mechanically minded neurologists and cyberneticists to rediscover it on their own.

It will be obvious that I am not concerned, except indirectly, with Freud's excursions (and those of his enthusiastic followers) into the fields of anthropology and literature. Like many a recreational outing, these were not complete successes, but I do not think anyone will maintain that they were altogether unilluminating. What I am trying to decide is whether Freud's claim to a place beside Copernicus and Darwin in the history of science was justified. Almost all scientific advances are of three kinds. They may be technical: a method may be discovered of doing some hitherto impossible thing, or of doing an old thing in a new and better way. They may be what are nicknamed 'natural history' discoveries, that is, observations of a new phenomenon, or more accurate descriptions of one that is already known. Thirdly, they may be theoretical: a neater equation to describe magnetic phenomena, or an extension of Boyle's Law so as to include the behaviour of gases at particularly low temperatures. This sort of advance is going on all the time, and every few years, in some field or another, a sufficiently important one occurs to become headline news.

There is, however, a fourth kind of advance which is not nearly so familiar; indeed in any single science it probably occurs only once in two or three hundred years. It consists of a thorough revolution in the way in which that particular science looks at its subject. Take the case of chemistry. By the end of the eighteenth century there had been a good deal of accurate observation, with precise measurements, of the ways in which various elements combined with each other or behaved under changes of temperature. These were in themselves scientific advances of the kind I have labelled 'technical' or 'natural history'. There were also a number of explanatory theories of limited utility, including the notorious phlogiston theory of combustion. But in 1803 Dalton showed how the laws which explained these phenomena could be simplified by the assumption of the atomic structure of matter.

This assumption did not make the observations of his predecessors any truer than they had always been; but without it few of the subsequent observations and technical advances of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries would have taken place. Its original simplicity has now become complicated again by the assumption of a variety of sub-atomic entities; but Dalton's hypothesis was the revolutionary step in chemical thinking which turned chemistry into a science.

Consider, too, one of the men with whom Freud compared himself—Copernicus. The Ptolemaic conception of a geocentric universe—one that revolved round the earth—was the official theory of occidental astronomy until the enormous simplification made possible by Copernicus' heliocentric assumption was appreciated. Like Dalton, Copernicus was not the first to make his revolutionary suggestion; he was anticipated by the Pythagoreans just as Dalton was by the Epicureans. Copernicus' theory, like Dalton's, did not go all the way; he did not, for example, realise that the earth's orbit was an ellipse and not a perfect circle. Some of his reasons for arriving at his theory were odd and unsound. Yet without it modern astronomy would not have been a possibility.

As there is no handy name for conceptual advances of this kind, I do not see why we should not call them 'Copernican'. Other Copernican thinkers—for they are moulders of thought rather than discoverers of fact—were Newton, Einstein, and that other figure with whom Freud compared himself, Darwin. I do not want to suggest that such a revolution is entirely the work of one man, or that a Copernican notion springs fully grown from his head without warning. Most of those I have mentioned owed a great deal to the work of their predecessors and even of their contemporaries, although Copernicus himself is probably an exception. If any of the Copernicans had been prevented by some accident from putting forward his idea, someone else would have been bound to do so, sooner or later. But none of these reservations lessens the achievement of these men or their entitlement to a special place in the history of their science.

In Freud's case, I am not sure whether he would have achieved his own particular advance at that particular time if he had not been a Jew, nor do I think it is a coincidence that so many psycho-analysts after him have been Jews. Their religion threw open its arcana to reason and the free play of the intellect many generations before Christianity followed suit; for example, in the Middle Ages it was the Jewish philosophers who reconciled the Christian monks to the ideas of Aristotle. Although he was not a practising Jew, this tradition must have helped Freud to think scientifically and dispassionately about matters which, in his day and ours, were disturbing to the moral sense, and not least his own. At the same time, it is also part of the Hebraic tradition to avoid anthropomorphism and to deny the ability of any one intellect to comprehend deity or the universe. In the same half-century four Jews—Bergson, Alexander, Freud, and Einstein—each in their own way pointed out the limitations of the human reason. Again, Freud's determinism and his insistence on tracing all mental phenomena to past causes are consistent with the Jewish suspicion of any doctrine that professes to be able to guess the final purpose of man or the world. He shared also the Jew's capacity not only for introspection but also for using its results to guess the thoughts and feelings of others—a capacity which may have had survival value in the evolution of this persecuted race.

A Hundred Years On

But was he a Copernican? I find this a difficult question to answer. His influence on twentieth-century thinking about the mind has certainly been immense. What is more, it has been achieved almost entirely through his own writings, and owes little to his followers; indeed I think that the net result of their enthusiasm has been to detract from his status. As I have said, we are too close to his influence to assess it impartially. But I should like to offer a guess at what people will say about him a hundred years from now. By that time he will no longer be regarded as the 'discoverer' of the unconscious or of the ego and the id. His attempt to derive all instinctive behaviour from two basic drives will be of purely historical interest. So will his homoeostatic account of the central nervous system, since it was forgotten and the principle rediscovered in a more precise form by the neurologists of the 'forties.

He will be remembered, of course, for the observations which he made as a natural historian of the human animal. But I think that the history books will give the most important place to his achievement in selecting, from among the techniques for treating disorders of the mind, and from among the psychological systems of the academic psychologists, the only pair that would form a working team. This synthesis was

partly due to a lucky combination of circumstances. A free-thinking Jew learns Herbartian psychology in the sixth form at a Vienna school. After becoming a neurologist and discovering the limitations of physical methods of treatment he studies the hypnotic techniques of the Paris school. Not being a particularly good hypnotist he tries to achieve similar results by other means. Result: psycho-analysis.

It was this synthesis that transformed the treatment of mental disorders from a semi-religious, semi-empirical study into a systematic technique with rules and reasons. What Freud thought of, therefore, as a scientific revolution in our conception of the mind was rather a technical advance which, by its spectacular nature, popularised the three-dimensional conception already suggested by nineteenth-century

German thinkers. In much the same way the circumnavigation of the earth did more to convince people of its roundness than all the geographers' arguments. In comparing Freud to Captain Cook rather than Copernicus I am not devaluing his achievement. Technicians such as Captain Cook, James Watt, or Marconi probably had a greater effect upon the next generations' way of life than Newton or Dalton. It is true that the number of patients treated by psycho-analysis or derivative methods is a negligible fraction of twentieth-century mankind, so that its direct effect has been less tangible than that of the steam-engine or the wireless set. But its indirect effects upon our approach to problems connected with the mind, whether therapeutic, legal, or educational, has exceeded even the hopes of its discoverer.

—Third Programme

Religion in America

By NORMAN BIRNBAUM

THE United States is now experiencing a religious revival. Church membership has increased by double the rate of population growth in the past generation. Three out of every five Americans attend church regularly. Wherever the new suburbs rise, up go the church steeples, or, more likely, the plate-glass fronts of the contemporary ecclesiastical style. Religious books attain circulations in the hundreds of thousands; religious programmes compete with each other on television and wireless. In that cosmopolitan and cynical metropolis, New York, restaurants distribute cards bearing the words for grace—Catholic, Jewish, Protestant, and, presumably as a concession to America's new position in world affairs, Islamic as well. Business men now have a manual provided by a leading church group, a handy, on-the-spot guide to the correct Christian decision in their offices, a moral equivalent for the kind of furniture you screw together yourself. Public opinion polls show that atheism is almost as repugnant to Americans as communism or socialism. President Eisenhower has expressed the current national attitude in brief and pregnant words: 'Our government makes no sense unless it is founded on a deeply felt religious faith—and I don't care what it is'.

The new revival is, seemingly, only the latest in a series that goes back to colonial times. After all, only a generation ago a school teacher was tried in Tennessee for telling his students about Darwin. But this is a religious revival with a difference. It is not like the endemic revivalism of the backwoods, the home of that fundamentalism which produced Billy Graham. It differs, too, from that varied and extreme sectarianism always cropping up among those lost in the lonely interstices of American society. The current revival is as fashionably middle class as a Martini. And since the boundaries of the middle class in America are, at once, very wide and very loose, we may say that the revival is a genuinely national phenomenon. Mr. Will Herberg, a prominent American Jewish thinker, has examined the revival in a thoughtful and provocative book: *Protestant, Catholic, Jew**, with a subtitle, *An Essay in American Religious Sociology*.

For it is as a social and psychological process that Mr. Herberg understands what he terms America's 'religiousness without religion'. Mr. Herberg thinks that Americans, streaming to their churches, are seeking not God but themselves. He makes it clear that the ordinary American believer is very far from measuring either his own behaviour and aspirations, or his country's policies, in transcendental terms. We cannot, therefore, speak of religion as part of the American way of life.



Worshippers entering St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on Easter Day

Rather, the American way of life is itself the object of a vast national cult equipped with the traditions and accoutrements of the three faiths inherited from Europe.

Mr. Herberg finds two distinctive historical sources for the present situation. First, by their origin, Americans are religiously, nationally, and ethnically diverse. Secondly, they have covered this diversity with the cloak of an astonishingly uniform culture. And now for the next stage: the cloak has somehow seemed too drab. The individual feels the need to identify himself in this mass, and religious affiliations give him an opportunity to do so. If, however, these separate identifications were pushed too far, they could endanger the national unity and uniformity which Americans have been at such pains to create. Protestantism, Catholicism, and Judaism in the United States, therefore, have come to resemble one another at least as much as each resembles its European counterpart. The three religions are, Mr. Herberg says, denominations of one American church. And they function, in American society, not as confessions but as communities, as social groups to which people belong rather than as creeds to which they adhere.

So bold and sweeping an explanation needs to be amplified and documented.

Mr. Herberg does both. He recalls the aphorism coined by the historian Marcus Hansen: 'What the son wishes to forget, the grandson wishes to remember'. Hansen was an historian of that great immigration which, until the first world war, was practically equivalent to the history of the American people itself. As successive waves of immigrants arrived in the new world, they sought to retain their ethnic and national and religious distinctiveness. For them, the church or synagogue—with services in their native tongues—was a link with the homeland, a place to meet their countrymen, a shelter in a new and frequently uncomfortable land. The immigrants' children, however, thought of themselves as Americans and felt themselves inwardly and outwardly alienated from their parents' foreign ways. They rejected not only the ethnic and national identification of their elders but the religions so closely associated with them.

The situation into which the next generation grew up was different. Ethnic and national barriers had weakened and, with them, religious ones. The third generation breathed easily, and cast about for its roots. Its members were successful business men, politicians, university professors, well-paid workers, and civil servants. They were sure of their Americanism. But simply being an American was not enough. By rediscovering their grandparents' religion or, more accurately, by rejoicing

ing their grandparents' Church, they had what they wanted: a specific and limited sort of self-definition within the limitless American scene. Meanwhile, with the natural exception of the Jewish community, the Churches had lost their predominantly ethnic characters. Protestantism united New England Puritan and mid-western German Lutheran. Catholicism had in the late nineteenth century decisively rejected a purely ethnic diocesan organisation. Even the Jewish synagogues fused Sephardic, German, and eastern European groups. By attaching himself to a church, Mr. Herberg argues, the third-generation American could establish contact with his grandfather without losing his father's gains, his claim to 100 per cent. Americanism. In fact, belonging to a church is fast becoming the only acceptable mode of being an American.

Seeking for Reassurance

And it is on Americans as the chosen people that the light of God shines in the new American theology. The impulses that drive Americans to church are not different from those found elsewhere: moral bewilderment in a complex civilisation, individual spiritual poverty in the machine age, and fear in the time of the bomb. But what Americans derive from their churches is something rare in the previous history of the Judaeo-Christian tradition: not consolation, not hope, not prophecy, but reassurance.

Contemporary American religion is a civic religion, and, like civic religions everywhere, it renders nearly everything unto Caesar. American sermons are no more likely to disturb the equanimity of members of the congregation than are full-page coloured advertisements in national magazines. Priests, pastors, and rabbis undertake to deal with the problems of members of their flock in terms almost exclusively psychiatric. Theological faculties have hastened to raise pastoral psychology to a prominent place in their curricula. Indeed, appeals for church attendance plastered up in the New York underground are phrased like this: 'Take your troubles to church and leave them there!' A Boston rabbi wrote a best-seller entitled *Peace of Mind*; a monsignor countered with *Peace of Soul*, also a best-seller. But religious belief empty of any particular content and openly advocated as a nostrum guaranteed to free the spirit of its burdens is surely a belief quite extraordinary in the history of the Christian and Jewish religions.

It is for this reason that Mr. Herberg is sceptical of the depth and authenticity of the religious revival he describes. The civic religion of contemporary America, he thinks, leads Americans to self-congratulation rather than to self-examination. His doubts are shared by a good many other religious thinkers. No voices have been more sharply critical of the revival than those of America's theologians.

Yet, while I can agree with Mr. Herberg's assessment of the quality of the current American religious experience, I find it more difficult to accept his account of its causes. He emphasises quite rightly the American's need to strike some roots in his past, to find some group to which he can belong. But he gives no entirely satisfactory account of why these should be religious groups. And, after all, why should America require a national Church with so vacuous a creed? Mr. Herberg's view is, at once, too sociological and not sociological enough. External, social necessities do not take a religious form before undergoing transformation in the human soul. If we are to understand the religious revival in America, we must enquire into the human soul in a social situation of great strain and peril: a situation of unprecedented material prosperity.

America's current prosperity is far more widespread and has lasted far longer than the boom of the nineteen-twenties. In the 'twenties those who enjoyed good fortune responded with hedonism. But sheer hedonism, as a reaction to the contemporary situation, would result in complete national exhaustion. The 'twenties, remember, were followed by the 'thirties and depression, and this in turn by the second world war and the cold war. Americans have lost something of their innocence, of their capacity for unreflective sensation. They now want to be assured that their present abundance is earned. Their need to interpret their prosperity not as a brute fact but as a moral one accounts for the national self-congratulation embodied in the new theology. But there persists a nagging doubt, an unstilled question to be silenced by no amount of reassurance. Americans would like to possess some invisible securities, of a sort unlikely to lose value in a deflation of stock-market prices. This doubt, and this demand, may point to an element of religious authenticity in an otherwise spurious revival.

What is the source of this doubt? Professor Tawney has written of 'the acquisitive society', contemporary America is something new: the manipulative society. Millions of people make their living not by pro-

ducing goods but by selling themselves. And those who are not in the least concerned about the fact of selling themselves are worried about the price they get in return. Some may think it too little and others may think it unworthy of them. And so, many Americans are pursued by grave inner doubts as to the value of their lives. The religion of reassurance is a denial of the emptiness which millions feel. And yet that may be only one aspect. The new interest in religion is, perhaps, more than just a denial. It is also a search, as yet inarticulate and indeed unacknowledged, for something else.

America's nominal allegiance to transcendental standards has not yet resulted in a deep and serious criticism of American life by the American people. Perhaps the burden of anxiety, indeed of despair, is too great to be faced all at once. And the cold war may account, in part, for the curious use to which America now puts religion. The external pressure, real and imaginary, to which the country is subjected may preclude Americans from taking a new look at American culture. That would be subversive. Quite right; for an authentic religious evaluation of contemporary America would leave little unchanged. It is surely not accidental that the revival of religion has been accompanied by a denigration of America's secular and humanist tradition. The tradition of Paine, Franklin, Jefferson, of the philosopher John Dewey and the social thinker Thorstein Veblen, is as authentically American as the writings of Jonathan Edwards. And it also has deep popular roots.

Fifty years ago the village atheist was a common and not unpopular figure on the American scene. But more recently the secular tradition has been in the custody of America's intellectuals. And it is a well-known fact that the intellectuals in America are alienated from the rest of the population. And so the crudity of the new American theology is the simple soul's answer to the intellectual's outrageous claim that the universe is complex. The American middle class is, after all, descended from the spiritually as well as the materially disinherited of Europe. It lacks that respect for learning and cultivation which historical accident has engrained even among philistines in Europe. This brings me to another difficulty which Mr. Herberg ignores. He, and the theologians he cites, are convinced that the present revival verges on pseudo-religion. He clearly intended his own book not merely as a piece of analysis but as a tract. But it is unlikely to be read by those who need it most. The gulf between the American theologians and the average believer is quite as deep as the gulf between the secular intellectuals and the distrustful public. The public dwells on its primitive formulae; the theologians concentrate on Buber and Barth and the dialectical theology.

Making Pseudo-Religion Authentic

Mr. Herberg ignores this difficulty, but he remains hopeful that America's pseudo-religion can be made authentic. Certainly the past American experience makes this belief plausible. Without the inner consecration of the Puritan, the new world would never have been settled; without the strikingly democratic organisation of the Protestant sects, the pioneers might have been deprived of religious and social support as they advanced the frontier westwards; without the leadership of a Church inspired by nineteenth-century social Catholicism, the urban masses of the early industrial era might have been less effective in their campaign for social justice. Religion has been a conspicuously powerful force in American cultural history. But a deeper problem remains: is a genuine revival of religion possible in a highly advanced industrial culture? Americans do not lack spiritual depth because of some innate quirk. They lack spiritual experience because they live in a society which demands relentless and unceasing external activity, a demand which, paradoxically, is a residue of America's Calvinist past. The typical American today is, in fact, a Calvinist with neither fear of hell nor hope of heaven. If the things of this world have crowded the things of the spirit out of the American consciousness, this is the result of the operation of an economic machine which must induce new sensations and new wants in its operators all the time, if it is not to run down. Little wonder that the humans themselves become a bit like machines.

But, as I have suggested, the revival of religion in America may all the same represent a protest against this; a protest dimly felt, for which no words have yet been found. If American religion is at present more of an attempt to repress anxieties than to face them, the basic anxiety remains. It is the anxiety of existence itself, which haunts those with two automobiles as well as those who walk. In the meantime, Europeans would do well to waste no time looking down on the Americans. What most Europeans want, after all, is an American standard of living. And when it arrives, it may bring to the Old World some of the spiritual dilemmas of the New.—*Third Programme*

Remembering Lord Salisbury

By VISCOUNTESS MILNER

I KNEW Lord Salisbury well, and was very fond of him. I married his fourth son in 1894, an age that seems as far away to us now as the Norman Conquest. And if I am going to talk about Lord Salisbury, I must say something about the time, not only the 1894 time, but really the whole period until the first world war, because that was a complete section of history. And the first thing I think I ought to say is that you have no idea how comfortable we were. I do not mean to say in our circumstances, that is according to whether we were well off or not, but how comfortable we were in our minds and how safe.

You might fall off a horse, you might have a railway accident, you might be drowned out swimming; but those were personal accidents, painful no doubt, but nothing fell on you from the sky. You had no insecurity—you were perfectly safe.

I cannot tell you how sorry I am for all those of you who are not old enough to have felt that feeling of security. It did not die completely during the first world war, because the bombing was a small affair. It died very soon after, and has never been revived. Lord Salisbury not only represented that era, but represented it magnificently. He was a great noble; he had a splendid fortune; he lived in a palace. And yet there never was a man with more complete simplicity, or such a profound contempt for unimportant things. He had not at all wanted to succeed to his title and estate. 'There's nothing money can give me', he said to his father when he was a boy. And though I do not think that was true, because I am sure he immensely enjoyed being able to do his science on a very big scale in his own house, and give his children the best of everything—still, essentially it was true of him, and of Lady Salisbury.

Lady Salisbury was just as happy sitting on a wooden chair as she was among the silks and cushions of Hatfield. Lord Salisbury was a big man, tall, and, by the time I knew him, very voluminous; he was impressive. I was impressed. I had not been brought up to be impressed because my people were Radicals, and far from thinking all the proper things you ought to think. But I was impressed. The first time I lunched in Arlington Street, where Lord Salisbury lived at the time, I found myself sitting near him, when he looked at me with an air of not really wanting to know me very well, and he said: 'Hatfield is Gaza, the capital of Philistia'. He said that to me because I was an art student, and had worked hard painting in Paris; and he was extremely anxious to convey to me that Hatfield had none of that atmosphere. He had no use, I think, for the arts, though he had magnificent possessions in his house. He had no liking for poets and painters. As for music, he really suffered from it, so his family were brought up without art or that sort of culture, and I found it very strange, having the other kind. They were immensely tolerant; they did not mind what I did, as long as I did not try to convert them, which I did not do.

I wonder if I have given you any sketch at all that is the least like anything. As I said, Lord Salisbury was impressive; he was



The south front of Hatfield House

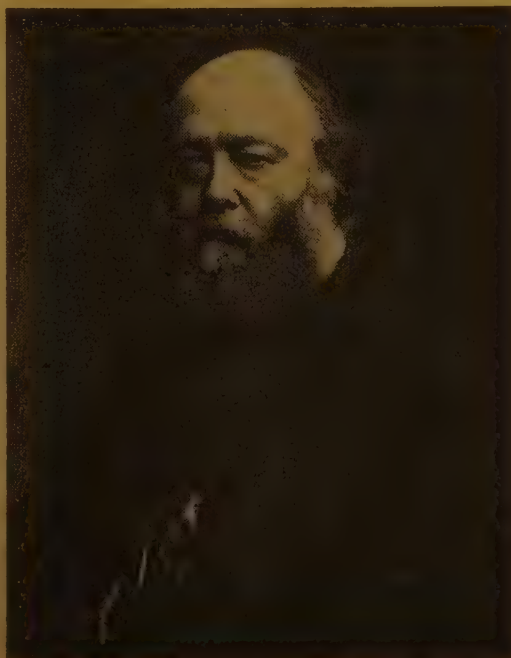
A. F. Kersting

immensely modest in his estimation of his own powers; he disliked power, I think, though he had no doubt at all about how to use it when he had it. But he was the very reverse of tyrannical in his own home. It was in fact impossible to get him even to give one a bit of advice, he was so anxious not to seem to dominate any young people. I remember telegraphing to him once from South Africa asking his advice about whether I should come home or not. I instantly received a telegram back to say: 'You're a much better judge, being on the spot, than I am'.

'I wish my father would tell me what he wants me to do', the boys would be found saying to each other. But he never would tell them. He did his best to give them strong principles, then the decision, he thought, was theirs. When he sent them to Eton—they none of them went to a private school—he said to them: 'Now, if you get into difficulties, you can come away—I shan't mind. It's your affair—you must judge. On the other hand, it doesn't do a man any good to have been known to leave his school suddenly and under circumstances of difficulty'. Having said that, the boys did what they thought right. That was his attitude at home, and with all of us.

His kindness to our children was something which was really touching to see. His kindness, and also his sensitiveness about young people's feelings. I remember when my little boy was three, the Dreyfus case was going on—and the hero of this particular old story was a Frenchman called Picard, Colonel Picard. My boy had heard a great deal about this from me and from others, and one day Lord Salisbury made a joke about Colonel Picard, whereupon my little boy, who about reached up to his bottom waistcoat button, rushed at him and began beating him as hard as he could, saying: 'I won't have you saying that; I won't have you saying that!' I was very ashamed of the bad behaviour of my child, but Lord Salisbury took it quite seriously and said with consternation: 'Oh, but I am sorry. Oh, I wouldn't have hurt Georgie's feelings for anything. Please tell him how sorry I am. I'll never say anything about Picard again'. And that was typical; it was not just once, but he was like that about children. He would not have them bullied or tyrannised over or ordered about, and the result was, I am afraid, they often got rather out of hand, but I am sure it didn't do them any harm.

What he did care for—I have said all the things he didn't care for—what he did care for were manners. He minded rudeness very much,



The 3rd Marquis of Salisbury (1830-1903)

'Picture Post' Library

he minded rough manners very much. He very likely did not recognise a lady after he had sat next to her at dinner, because he had bad sight; but he never forgot her manners. And the people with delicate, sensitive, and considerate manners always gave him pleasure. There was one such, Mrs. Chamberlain, Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain. She was the wife of a colleague of his. He called her 'the Puritan maid', because of her lovely, soft, sensitive, New England manners. Nothing gave him greater pleasure in social life than to find himself sitting next to her at dinner. He never forgot rudeness, or violence, though he often tolerated these things when he had to.

What he never did tolerate was vulgarity. I remember once he met a famous lady—I will not name her. She was the wife of one of the Liberal Ministers of the day. She was very intrusive. She came and sat next to him of her own accord at a dinner party and began talking to him at immense length about her family, his family especially. She told him how plain his daughters were and how ugly his sons were, and how she liked them; how pleased she was to meet him, at very great length, and a great deal else of an extremely intimate nature. Next morning at breakfast we asked him what he had thought about the lady. 'Oh', he said, 'I don't like brass. I never like brass. I can't bear being shown people's insides'. This lady was a friend of mine, so I said to him rather defensively: 'But you don't mind Nelly'—mentioning another relation. 'Oh', he said, 'that's quite different; she's a member of the family', and therefore her boldness and intrusive-

ness were forgiven. But on the part of a stranger, such things were unbearable.

He had an immense name in the country, and it was something remarkable to go to a meeting with him. The audience rose at him in a way that I have not seen audiences rise since at anyone. And though he was sensitive and shy in private life, and at ordinary meetings where there was ordinary enthusiasm, he would continue to be shy and sometimes even a little gruff. When there was real enthusiasm, as there was in Ulster when he went there once, he was carried away himself, but it took that amount on the part of the crowd to do it.

My great, final impression of Hatfield, during the years I lived there—I lived there nearly six years—was the energy with which all the Cecils combated local tyrannies. I remember a fight about the work-house wall which lasted for eighteen months: whether a wall should be built to prevent the old people looking out on the road, which was the only thing they enjoyed doing. And the same fight used to go on over any kind of pettifoggish orders, to which poor and helpless people were supposed to conform. Lord Salisbury did not like any of that side of modern life. Compulsory this, compulsory that, were totally against his view. You have to think of him living in his superb house, able to command anything that he wanted in the way of possessions, surrounded by a really adoring family. He had five sons and two daughters, and as many as possible lived in the house with their wives and families; it was quite big enough.—*Home Service*

Aspects of Africa

The English Poet in South Africa

By GUY BUTLER

IN Cape Town or Johannesburg you will see the same films, makes of car, fashions, best-sellers as in Sydney, Ottawa, New York, or London, and some of the best poetry written in South Africa employs an idiom which is quite cosmopolitan. Yet the pressure and the prestige of this western cosmopolitanism can do nothing about the climate, nor the topography, nor the colour of skins, nor can it abolish the local past.

English writers in South Africa are in a unique position. Nowhere else do they have to speak for an English community which is a political and linguistic minority; where, as comparatively late arrivals, they find that most of the exciting tasks of discovery, first settlement, and pioneering have fallen to others. No English community finds itself so embarrassed by its local past, so tempted to live on the tradition of Great Britain. Rightly or wrongly, the sins of our nineteenth-century forebears have been made so much of that we have forgotten their virtues. We live in the unpleasant backwash of the scramble for Africa, in a society whose elements are still not fused: for instance, there is no one history of South Africa. An Englishman, while feeling that the past half-century has been remarkable for two world wars, is aware that neither of these wars matters as much as the Boer War does to many of his Afrikaans compatriots, or the Rebellion to the Zulus.

This English community, numbering no more than 1,000,000, cannot be expected to produce or support a large number of writers, and it is not surprising that so many migrate to Britain: Roy Campbell, William Plomer, Laurens van der Post, F. T. Prince, Charles Madge, and others. No one would make exaggerated claims for recent English South African poetry. By comparison with Afrikaans the output is small and the quality poor. Some of the best has been written by men like Campbell, who have migrated; or by visitors, or new arrivals, like Peter Jackson; or by people like David Wright and R. N. Currey who were born here, left, and came back on visits. Roy Macnab lives in London, but visits South Africa at fairly regular intervals. Anthony Delius and I live in South Africa but visit Europe whenever we can.

In the writings of all I detect two common preoccupations: a sense of tension between Africa and Europe, and an awareness that though the rivers and ranges are mapped and properly named, life in Africa still moves on an unpredictable frontier. I suppose that one of the perennial problems of the poet is to keep his language up to date without allowing it to become merely chatty or bizarre. Changes brought about by the passage of time made the revolutions in diction of Wordsworth and Eliot necessary, and a transplantation in space, to a different

hemisphere, climate, and landscape, might be expected to call for some changes at least. Language feels the strain of space as well as time.

A poet needs names for common objects; in fact, any writer using a non-indigenous language anywhere in the world encounters this problem: the names simply are not there, or, if they are, they are foreign; unassimilated borrowings from local tongues, which carry a bizarre suggestion which may be quite out of keeping. For instance, English has no word for open stretches of veld: neither prairie nor steppe will do; 'wide open spaces' and 'boundless plains' have no local flavour. The Afrikaans word *vlaktes* is much more precise: yet when Anthony Delius, in a poem on the Karroo, borrows the word, the effect is forced and odd:

These wide-armed vlaktes shut
In by surprising mountain-tops

The fact is that all sorts of racial and political prejudices may bubble up round a borrowed word, particularly if it is written, not spoken. There are, of course, many Afrikaans and African words which English South Africans do not mind seeing in print: veld, commando, kopje, drift, and so on; but these are all, I imagine, early borrowings, before the language conflict developed. Today, when the English community feels culturally threatened, borrowing looks like an act of treachery. Many of us resent, perhaps unconsciously, whatever might strengthen our ties with Africa or weaken our ties with Europe. Some are simply not aware of their immediate environment, and do not wish to be made aware of it. They inhabit a European mental world, a landscape which has been humanised by centuries of poets; but any attempt by local poets to bring African objects (which are often awkward and truculent) into this sophisticated and temperate climate, they regard as mistaken patriotism, resulting in bad artistry, and so on. It is all too easy to mask a prejudiced deadness to one's own environment as a fight against provincialism.

Description is difficult when names of objects do not come naturally; interpretation may be difficult even when you have names for objects, if those names lack exploitable connotations. The protea, mimosa, marula, and isipingo may be useful and beautiful names, but their barbarous nakedness and semantic poverty become apparent when you place them beside the oak, pine, olive, poplar, vine. The same applies to our rivers and ranges, cross-roads and bridges: they have been off the historical circuit; the deeds of men and tongues of poets have not humanised them.

But why, after more than a century, should we in South Africa still be looking for words for the African landscape and climate? The

reason lies, in part at least, in the romantic sensibility of our predecessors. The wide open spaces, whether here, or in America, or Australia, provided an excellent 'objective correlative' for the romantic love of the wild and the strange, of the receding horizon. 'Vague', 'dim', 'strange', 'vast', 'mystic', 'boundless' are favourite adjectives in much early South African poetry. In this sort of writing, no particular object is brought into a clear focus, and hence no troublesome proper names or precise epithets are needed. Indeed, 'nameless' itself becomes a popular epithet. Campbell and Plomer broke this tradition of nebulous religiosity; Africa to them was not the mask of a philanthropic god but of a violent, capricious, and sometimes splendid energy. Here is Plomer's 'The Scorpion':

Limpopo and Tugela churned
In flood for brown and angry miles
Melons, maize, domestic thatch,
The trunks of trees and crocodiles;

The swollen estuaries were thick
With flotsam, in the sun one saw
The corpse of a young negress bruised
By rocks, and rolling on the shore,

Pushed by the waves of morning, rolled
Impersonally among shells,
With lolling breasts and bleeding eyes
And round her neck were beads and bells.

That was the Africa we knew,
Where, wandering alone,
We saw, heraldic in the heat,
A scorpion on a stone.

The word 'impersonally' is the clue to the new sensibility. One cannot commune with Africa as Wordsworth did with the lake district. As Aldous Huxley has suggested, lines like those written above Tintern Abbey are not produced when there are tigers about, nor in a country where devastating droughts and tribal wars are frequent. Civilised man can only commune with a nature which has been partially tamed: he may even allow himself to revel in its power to inspire a primitive awe, but only when he has a firm base to do it from. Just as in frontier life, so in art: neither a beast nor an experience is tamed until it has an acceptable name. This is a difficult and sometimes exciting task, particularly when there is so much untamed and unnamed sense data all about one. On the other hand, it is all too easy to mistake a moderately successful attempt at taming and naming as a poetic achievement: it may be no more than a snapshot of local colour.

The World of Beliefs and Values

Awareness of the colours and shapes and movements about one, and the ability to find words for them, is only the beginning. The next step is to decide what you want to extract, and this brings us into the world of beliefs and values; the principles of selection and arrangement. Campbell and Plomer did not, nor do their successors, find it easy to be optimistic about the human race. Walt Whitmans only occur when the dangerous frontier does not last too long. A mixed society is hard on liberal ideas and notions of progress. Can institutions and ideas cultivated over centuries in one society and hemisphere be transplanted to other societies and hemispheres without radical pruning? South African poets do not easily accept political or religious *Baedeckers* to their labyrinth. They are sceptical and empirical: many, I think, have shared the impatience of Delius, listening to a broadcast speech by Field-Marshal Smuts.

Oh words, those words
That Olive Schreiner noted too . . .
'Mighty' and 'infinite' and 'God',
That grow too tall for right and wrong
Do with the vanished leopards lie
Along that old grooved tongue.

This holding back, this shrug of the shoulders is quite common. South Africa is still a frontier society; our present constitutional crisis can be seen as springing out of the Government's determination to establish or maintain certain frontiers, and until these are either established or abolished no one can be altogether clear what society he belongs to. In the absence of a common view of our past or future, or of any basic mutual acceptance of each other, the mere presence of members of other races makes us feel like exiles in our own land. The policy

of *apartheid* is a characteristically European attempt to establish that satisfactory equation between language spoken and land occupied. Such an equation certainly simplifies the task of a writer. The bulk of Afrikaans writers sincerely believe in this attempt, although worried about its practicability. They have an enviable confidence in their race, and have no inhibitions in writing about their past and present struggle with British and black: seldom is there a sceptical shrug about the rightness of their cause: if they do have doubts, or seek a more embracing mystique, like Krige or van der Post, they are stigmatised as apostates. This strong and rather exclusive national sentiment is almost entirely lacking in English writers, who, like Pringle, Olive Schreiner, Campbell, F. C. Slater, Paton, and almost all others of any note attempt a compassionate impartiality. For instance, when Roy Macnab writes about the British defeat at Majuba he is not concerned with the rightness of either side, but with the mere humanity of both.

Redeeming the Culturally Empty Centuries

Is there any explanation for this lack of zest for our own people and past? Is it because we identify ourselves so closely with Britain that we do not feel the need to speak for ourselves? Or is it because we see that the development of another nationalism, another group myth, is unrealistic in a society where economic and cultural integration has gone too far to allow a territorial separation? Until recently, our poets looked at Africa geographically; they were excited by its topography, its flora and fauna. Although this excitement has not died, they are now trying to make sense of it, to put it into some perspective of time, to fill, or abolish, or redeem the culturally empty centuries behind us. This leads to a close examination of certain individuals who attempted to make sense of this continent. These figures are repeatedly treated as symbols, and are taken from all races. Da Gama and Diaz emerge as archetypes of courage and western technical skill, and also as inheriting, on our behalf, the still unexpiated curse of a continent which did not wish its privacy to be disturbed. Camoens, in his *Lusiads*, embodied this stubborn resistance of Africa to development in Adamastor. This mythical figure was forgotten throughout the nineteenth century, with its optimistic soft focus, but since Campbell brought him back to life he mutters and threatens in the verse of Delius, David Wright, myself, and others. Rhodes and Kruger have come to represent the virtues and vices of the diametrically opposed parties of the past, and the sonorous names of the great Zulu and Matebele despots suggest not only terror and violence, but primitive and heroic splendour.

Filled as we are with 'blank misgivings' of creatures 'moving about in worlds not realised', we look for individuals who, in their encounter with the unrealised world, helped to make it real: who conquered the vague, the unfixed in time and place by some notable defining act. In such encounters the nature of the opposition is clarified and, more important, contained or transcended by some ordering principle of the mind: willy-nilly we find ourselves considering primal virtues like faith, courage, orderliness, curiosity, charity; and in their train come religious and scientific symbols—Bibles and sextants, the Mass and maps, the Cross and the clock. Thus Roy Macnab pitches on the Jesuit Gonçalo da Silveira, our first missionary martyr, and flings him at Africa with no armament but his faith. Africa, as it did to da Gama, tries to wreck his ship by despatching a tropical storm; but the priest falls upon his knees:

And the seas stop, the lashing
Winds stop at the place of his passion.

David Livingstone was another man of courageous encounters, but his vision was more complex. His doubts bring him closer to us. His burning desire to stop the slave trade is matched, and later outmatched, by the simple desire to know. In his final search for the source of the Nile he actually travels in the company of slavers because only with them is travel possible. Africa needs his love; but there are many times when love is helpless without knowledge. Livingstone did not solve the paradox, but by his decisions and actions he clarified much that was dark and, incidentally, let the complex encounter spread. It is not surprising that he is becoming a myth.

It may be a good sign that instead of writing about boundless and unnamed spaces, we are writing about the people who measured and named them. It may indicate a realisation of the need to explore, to measure and to name the Africa of the senses and the mind.

—Third Programme

NEWS DIARY

May 16-22

Wednesday, May 16

The Prime Minister accepts an invitation to visit Australia and New Zealand early next year

A British atomic device is exploded in the Monte Bello Islands

Commons agree that murders committed by people serving life sentences should be excluded from the Bill to abolish death penalty

Corporal of the Royal Air Force is murdered by terrorists in Cyprus

Thursday, May 17

The Prime Minister says that he welcomes the recently announced reduction in the Soviet armed forces

A last moment attempt to resume the London talks on the future of Singapore fails

Royal Air Force decides to take out of service, for the time being, the Valiant IV jet bombers

Friday, May 18

Colonial Secretary makes statement in Commons about breakdown of talks on Singapore

Government bans shipping from the coastal area to the north-west of Cyprus which is being searched for terrorists and arms

Cape Province Supreme Court upholds validity of South African Government's legislation to remove coloured voters from common electoral roll

Saturday, May 19

A joint *communiqué*, published in Moscow, states that the talks between the French and Soviet leaders provided a useful exchange of opinions but that there was a failure to agree on the means of settling European problems

Government announces there can be no change for the present in the constitution for Aden

Sunday, May 20

The first United States hydrogen bomb to be dropped from an aeroplane is exploded over Bikini atoll

The Prime Minister of Jordan resigns

Egypt signs an arms agreement with Poland

Monday, May 21

Colonial Office confirms report that Archbishop Makarios had engaged in a short 'hunger strike' in the Seychelles

Crowds of motorists returning from Whitsun holiday cause congestion on roads

Tuesday, May 22

British security forces are stoned by students in Cyprus

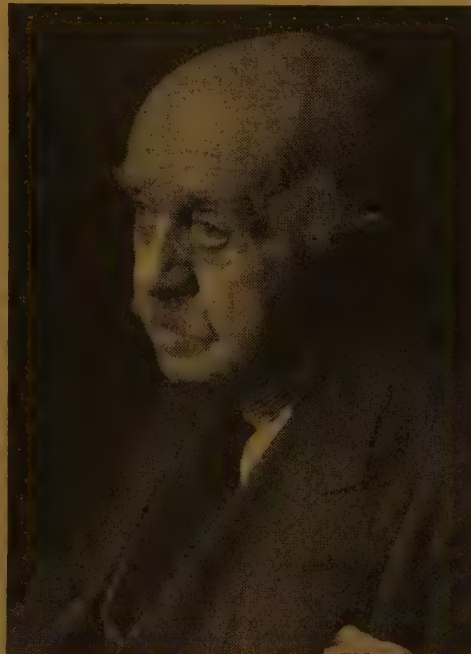
A big fire at an underground troop transit centre in London keeps firemen fighting it all day

General Assembly of Church of Scotland appoints London minister as Moderator



Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, leaving the Guildhall on May 15 after attending, with the Duke of Edinburgh, celebrations marking the fortieth anniversary of the National Savings Movement. Little girls representing Ireland, Wales, England, and Scotland (the last hidden behind Her Majesty) are seen curtsying. In her speech the Queen said that she, the Duke, and their children were members of the savings group in the Royal household

The Queen leaving Guildhall on May 15 after attending, with the Duke of Edinburgh, celebrations marking the fortieth anniversary of the National Savings Movement. Little girls representing Ireland, Wales, England, and Scotland (the last hidden behind Her Majesty) are seen curtsying. In her speech the Queen said that she, the Duke, and their children were members of the savings group in the Royal household



Sir Max Beerbohm, the distinguished essayist and caricaturist, who died at Rapallo, Italy, on May 20, aged eighty-three. His books included *A Christmas Garland*, *The Happy Hypocrite*, and *Seven Men*. He wrote one full-length novel, *Zuleika Dobson*. In 1898 he succeeded Bernard Shaw as dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*. Comparatively late in life he made an added reputation with his entertaining broadcast talks



Part of a carving of a figure, estimated to be at least 1,800 years old, has recently been revealed during excavations on a hillside at Wootton Bassett, near Stapleford, Cambridgeshire



the Netherlands unveiling a self-portrait by Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam, on May 18 to mark exhibition commemorating the 350th anniversary of Rembrandt's birth



Ships of the Royal Navy were open to the public at Plymouth over the Whitsun weekend. This photograph shows holidaymakers watching a helicopter from the deck of the destroyer H.M.S. *Orwell*. In the background is H.M.S. *Carisbrooke Castle*



Members of the British equestrian team who won the Grand Prix des Nations, the main jumping event, at the International Horse Show at Lucerne on May 17. Left to right are H. M. White on 'Nizafella'; Pat Smythe on 'Flanagan'; P. D. Robeson on 'Scorchin'; and Dawn Palethorpe on 'Earlsrath Rambler'



'Family Group', a sculpture by Henry Moore, commissioned by the Harlow Arts Trust, which was unveiled on May 17 at Harlow New Town by Sir Kenneth Clark

Left: J. Laker, the Surrey bowler, being presented with the ball by Lord Tedder, President of the Surrey Cricket Club, after Laker had taken all ten Australian wickets for eighty-eight runs at the Oval on May 16. It is the first time that a bowler has taken all ten wickets in a match against an Australian touring team since 1878. Surrey won the match by ten wickets

(continued from page 671)

reasons the Churches tended to support the *status quo*. And so it was not until Christian influence had declined that philosophers were able to contend that suffering may be avoidable and, since we live only once, undesirable; that it was both possible and right to try to make this world a better place. And by 'better' they meant 'happier'. 'Good and evil', wrote Locke, 'are nothing but pleasure and pain, or that which occasions pleasure and pain'. It was also 'self-evident' to the founding fathers of America that men were right to pursue happiness and to pursue it with some hope of success.

Crushing the 'Infamous'

When Voltaire called for the crushing of what was 'infamous', he meant unjust or unnecessary suffering. His mind was, doubtless, superficially clear, but that clarity made him think it obvious *what* was 'infamous' and what was the obvious way to crush it. The world might not be the best of all possible worlds and it was not a perfectible world. But, if men would apply reason, the world could be very much improved. The world and society were thought improvable because they now seemed intelligible. This was largely due to the influence of two men—Newton and Locke. Newton himself said he felt that 'the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before him'. But that is not how Newton made others feel. 'God said, "Let Newton be"', and *all* was light'. The operative word is 'all'. After Newton, it looked as though reason could and would explain every mystery.

And what Newton had done in the physical, Locke seemed to have done in the psychological, field. He had overthrown Descartes' theory of innate ideas and argued that our minds at birth are 'white paper, void of all characters, without any ideas'. All that got written on them came solely from environment, experience, and education. The mechanics by which this supposedly occurred were elaborated a little later in Hartley's theory of the association of ideas. It was thought to follow that, if we started with a blank sheet, anything could be written on it—provided that some care was taken to supply us with the right environment, the right experiences and the right education. Given control over these, human nature itself could be radically altered. Besides, if we had no innate ideas, what became of original sin? Voltaire held that 'Man is not born wicked; he becomes so, just as he becomes ill'. And illness may sometimes be avoided.

All this led to a great outburst of confidence and optimism—and of considerable over-confidence, although not every philosopher would have agreed with Fontenelle in saying that our only debt to the ancients was that they had exhausted every possible false theory. The optimism made it also a great age of 'planning'. The extreme case is that of the Abbé de Saint Pierre, who had plans for everything—from 'making peace perpetual' down to a plan for 'making Dukes and Peers useful'.

The Moral Law of Nature

Yet belief in innate ideas did not altogether perish. With a certain saving inconsistency, the philosophers—including Locke himself—still clung to the self-evident truths of 'Nature' and of 'Reason'. They certainly retained the moral Law of Nature which all men intuitively recognised. Montesquieu, for instance, called slavery bad 'in its nature'. He also argued that to say that nothing is unlawful until some government forbids it is to say that the radii of a circle are not equal until someone has drawn them. The philosophers were somewhat innocent in not realising how irrational men are and how much men can differ about what is rational or moral. But some modern sophists are a little innocent about how much agreement there also is on moral subjects. Most of us would in fact agree with Montesquieu that it would *always* be wrong to make having red hair a capital offence. Perhaps fortunately, the eighteenth-century philosophers were so naive that they felt sure that cruelty was always bad and that all men must know it. It was even supposed that certain kinds of behaviour were not really natural to man at all—the kinds of behaviour called 'inhuman' or 'inhumane'.

From Natural Law came Natural Rights. These were rights of men as such—not of men as members of a church, nor as souls to be saved, nor as consciences through which the Holy Ghost may be speaking; but simply the rights of individual human beings. It was assumed that if the individual wants something, he ought normally to have it, unless there is grave reason to the contrary. From Natural Law came also belief in the Harmony of Nature. The evils in Nature were thought somehow to cancel out. Even though individuals pursued purely selfish

ends, Nature (with a little governmental assistance) could make men, in Hume's words, 'co-operate to the public good'. Or, as Pope put it, all apparent discord was:

Harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.

Nature was, in the last analysis, benevolent. Nature knew best. Goethe nearly died of smallpox as a small boy because, although a form of vaccination was already known, the family doctor refused 'to perform an operation that would forestall Nature'. The philosophers lived in a temperate climate where Nature is apt to seem benign; and it is worth remembering that, by the eighteenth century, both plague and leprosy had left western Europe. Besides, an unexampled economic prosperity must have appeared then to be dawning. Rich men were then probably making more money than at any time since the fall of Rome. And some of their wealth was being passed down the line to other classes.

But the philosophers were not impervious to facts. The Lisbon earthquake indeed was one which gave them a rude shock. So did Hume's discovery that it is not really reason which makes us believe things to be true. So did Rousseau's assertion that philosophy had been neglecting the emotional forces in men's lives. One set of new facts was highly influential—the facts about non-European societies brought back by travellers and missionaries. From these Montesquieu deduced that there was more than one way of being civilised; while Diderot and Rousseau deduced that there were advantages in not being civilised at all. Some decided that civilisation had been a great mistake, that man's pristine innocence had been corrupted by his institutions.

Savages Fully Human

It was at least agreed that non-Christians and non-Europeans were fully human, with all a human being's natural rights. Hence the attack on Negro slavery. Hence, too, the President of the Royal Society's memorandum to Captain Cook, reminding him that savages were 'human creatures . . . the natural and legal possessors of the several regions they inhabit', who 'may justly attempt to repel invaders', who should on no account be fired on, nor even 'alarmed with the reports of guns, drums, or even a trumpet. But, if there are other instruments of music on board, they should be first entertained near the shore with a soft air'. How different this was from the Elizabethan writer who thought that the Red Indians could be despoiled of their material goods because they would be receiving in exchange the true religion.

This was one of the many fields in which the Enlightenment was genuinely liberal and did practical good. It did much also to get rid of slavery, duelling, and torture. It put an end to witch-burning. It made men infinitely more humanitarian in their treatment of savages, criminals, lunatics, Jews, animals, and even children. It did something, temporarily, to humanise the conduct of war. And there was need of such reforms, for eighteenth-century Europe still had ghettos, galley-slaves, serfdom, the press-gang, breaking on the wheel and, above all, the Inquisition, which burnt a Jew in Portugal as late as 1826. No one before Montesquieu and Beccaria had seen that brutal punishments will brutalise the community inflicting them. Besides, the philosophers put the despots on their good behaviour. Frederick the Great was impelled to call himself 'the first servant of the state'. He could not have got away with '*L'Etat c'est moi*'.

The Enlightenment did something very tangible for the personal liberties of many men. Liberty is nowadays much under fire. It is associated with *laissez-faire* and is not always fully compatible with full employment. But recent history has surely proved that personal liberty is no little thing, that there is one thing which matters even more than full employment—and that is not having to lie awake at night listening for the knock of the secret police. The values we talk of defending against totalitarianism are the values of the Enlightenment. There are still horrors in our western civilisation; but, thanks to the Enlightenment, we are free to say and to do something about them. The Enlightenment taught us to ask awkward questions, to criticise authority, above all, not to despair and not to take things lying down.

—Third Programme

The Writer in a Changing World, by J. B. Priestley, published by the Hand and Flower Press, is not (as stated last week) distributed by André Deutsch but direct from the offices of the press at Aldington, Ashford, Kent.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Ceylon Turns Left

Sir,—The talk, in THE LISTENER of May 10, which surveyed the recent developments in Ceylon with special reference to the relations with Britain is valuable in many respects and many will no doubt agree with Mr. Tyson's concluding statement that Mr. Bandaranaike is likely to put the creation of a Welfare State some way ahead of the setting up of a copy-book socialist economy. But in some other respects Mr. Tyson's analysis does not go deep enough and may convey a wrong impression as to what is happening in Ceylon.

The late Mr. D. S. Senanayake was definitely a practical man and was hardly ever led by mere sentiment. His problem ten years ago was very different from the problem of today. He was out to attain independence for Ceylon. He knew that he could not achieve his object as India did. He had to convince the racial and religious minorities that they would not be subject to discrimination and get from the British what he wanted by negotiation and goodwill. He not only achieved his object but also put an end to the communal conflict within the upper middle class.

The problem today is not concerned with this class. Since the attainment of independence the lower-middle class has gradually grown in power, and it has held the view that the United Nationalist Party has not effected the changes which should have followed the grant of independence and what it was doing was being done too slowly. This class has also an economic grievance. Their medium of education has been Sinhalese. Hence as long as English remained the language of government they had little chance of obtaining posts in the government services, the chief source of employment in the island, and could not attain the same status as that held by those educated through the medium of English.

The main demand of this class at first was that Sinhalese should replace English as the language of government. But before the end of last year this demand, which was mainly influenced by economic considerations, changed into a demand for Sinhalese only to the exclusion of Tamil. This was mainly owing to the agitation that Buddhism, which had suffered under British rule, should be rehabilitated and that Buddhism and the Buddhists should be helped to get on an equal footing with Christianity and the Christians. In other words, the language question became one aspect of a larger issue, the rehabilitation and the restoration of Buddhism.

The Buddhist Commission's Report, which was issued a few months before the General Election, provided a definite programme, concrete demands and reasons to justify the demands. The Report was also a subtle attack on the late Mr. Senanayake and a more direct attack on the United Nationalist Party. It also objected to a Queen who is a Defender of the (Christian) Faith. Buddhist monks took a keen interest in the Election, addressing meetings and visiting people from house to house in some parts of the island. The intensity of their campaign was not sufficiently recognised even in Ceylon, as the daily press, both English and Sinhalese, rarely reported their speeches in their accounts of election meetings. This is the main explanation for the defeat sustained by the

United Nationalist Party, though many minor causes too may be given.

A Buddhist cultural movement is bound to be pro-Indian and anti-British. This and the fact that if Buddhism is to thrive the standard of the Buddhist masses has to be raised probably explains the alliance of the Government with the leftists.

But a change of government does not necessarily imply a complete change in the political and economic factors that influenced the last government. Ceylon is no doubt geographically linked with India as Mr. Tyson points out, but it is also on the highway of traffic from the West to the East. Its conditions, though in many respects similar to those in India, are also in many ways different from those in south-east Asia. If a long term view is taken of the recent developments in Ceylon they may provide a different perspective from the short-term view given by Mr. Tyson.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.2

G. C. MENDIS

The Rights of Man

Sir,—In the first of Mr. Maurice Cranston's talks on the rights of man (THE LISTENER, April 26), he speaks sensibly and understandingly about the development of the Human Rights Commission of the United Nations. The problem which faces that Commission is to translate a Universal Declaration into a practical covenant. It was a remarkable achievement to obtain the general support of the Assembly of the United Nations for the Declaration with no dissentient vote and only eight abstentions, but it is far more difficult to establish a covenant, and, if we look honestly at the contemporary international scene, we are bound to say that measures of enforcement are out of the question. The problem may be easily illustrated. We lay down the general principle of freedom of speech, but when the principle is converted into practice we are not free to libel, slander, incitement to violence, or treasonable activity, or to the use of obscene or (theoretically) blasphemous language in public. The covenant must take account of these exceptions and the difficulty is in obtaining agreement as to how far these exceptions should go.

But there is a further point. If the Declaration be transmuted into a covenant, that covenant would contain the principle of equal pay for equal work as between women and men. This country has not found itself able to put this principle into practice. It follows that our attitude to the covenant would either be to refuse to sign the whole thing because of disagreement with one article, or to sign it either with reservations or with a statement that we would fulfil it at some indefinite point in the future—which might be the Greek Kalends. Either makes effectual nonsense of the covenant. Other nations would no doubt be similarly placed. It seems to me that we can here learn from the notable example of I.L.O. under the inspired leadership of Albert Thomas. The practice of I.L.O. has been to propound individual conventions, each of which was hawked round the nations of the world without other sanction for them but that of world opinion. Assent to one does not imply assent to the others. Any nation is free to reject a convention which it does not feel able to fulfil, but the general result has been the widespread acceptance of more than 100 such con-

ventions, to the lasting benefit of labour conditions in many countries of the world where they had previously been inadequate. A similar project could well be effective in the field of human rights and offers the best hope for dynamic progress.—Yours, etc.,

Thames Ditton

JOHN FERGUSON

Industrial Design and the Common User

Sir,—After Mr. Pinsent has expressed his views with such urbanity and gentility—and especially after he has gone so far toward agreement with me—it must seem churlish to say that I disagree with him, but I do, and radically.

Fundamentally, I cannot accept his proposal, explicit and implicit, of the craftsman and the craftsman's psychology as a standard of reference. Design, as I see it, is a service offered to Man—in general—rather than a mode of gratification to be enjoyed by a small number of men in particular. And, in any case, to set up craftsmanship as a standard—craftsmanship of the sort Mr. Pinsent is talking about—is to do precisely what the routine Platonist critic does: to put ninety-five per cent. of the products on the market outside one's terms of reference.

The consumer is the prime reason why things are made; both mechanised industry and manual craft depend from him as patron, and it seems to me that any viable aesthetic of product design must start from the consumer. If it is historical fact that the cathedrals were built for God, and that motor-cars are made for men, then this seems to me the best possible basis on which to build an aesthetic doctrine. A doctrine of this sort could include the craftsman's attitude to silver, in so far as it was relevant, just as it could include the tiny fraction of the motor-cyclist's life which is spent nowadays in oiling and cleaning the mount. It could include the uses of silverware, and the uses of the motor-cycle—in fact, it would have to. And equally, it would have to include the heavy peak-loading of symbolic meaning which these products carry at particular points in their owners' lives, since it is for these particular points that the products are acquired, and at these particular points that they have maximum value as possessions.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.15

REYNER BANHAM

A Setting for St. Paul's Cathedral

Sir,—Dr. Pevsner's Venetian illustration (THE LISTENER, May 10) is unfortunate, for St. Mark's is badly dwarfed by the Campanile, and this is just what we do not want in the case of St. Paul's. The buildings shown in the model of Sir William Holford's project would be much too high. They would compete with the dome when seen in perspective from below, and spoil its effect. No slab-skyscraper ought to be allowed within a mile of St. Paul's.

In his references to St. Peter's, Rome, Dr. Pevsner ignores the most important consideration which has to be taken into account when designing the approaches to churches with the Latin-cross plan and a dome at the crossing: the competition which arises between the dome and the west front. Such churches have to be approached by a lengthy vista because it is only from a distance that the dome can be properly seen. As one approaches St. Peter's the front rises up and blots out the dome. When the

approach is from lower ground greater distance is needed to see the dome above the west front. Wren's plan for a new City after the Great Fire shows how well he appreciated this need and how carefully he provided for it. If Blackfriars railway-bridge were a road-bridge it would afford a prospect of St. Paul's finer than any that can now be enjoyed. The dome and the west front—both incomparable—would be seen together, as they were meant to be seen, the dome rising up between the twin towers of the front and overtopping them. It would be the finest architectural prospect in England. The south side of Ludgate Hill ought to be widened, and a terrace arranged at the western end from which the west front could be seen from a high level. Sir William Holford's approach is not good enough.—Yours, etc.,
Hertingfordbury H. W. RICHMOND

The Problem of England's Canals

Sir,—It was hardly to be expected that in my two talks on England's canals I should have covered so diversified a topic, its historical background, its present problems, and my own tour, in such a way as to leave no room for those with local knowledge, enthusiasm and interest, to make criticisms or corrections. The letters which you have published on the subject are helpful and welcome—with one exception, Mr. Aickman's diatribe.

When I write in two consecutive sentences 'We were convinced . . . that some, perhaps the most picturesque, of our canals should never have been built. We were equally convinced that others were capable of handling a vast and vital traffic, and that many of them in fact did so', I take exception to my first sentence alone being quoted as a sign that I do not realise the value of the canals. In the same vein I would protest against my description of the almost unworkable state in which I found the Kennet and Avon Canal being ignored because I did not go into the precise details of railway administration of that canal which Mr. Aickman would wish to set out.

I would indeed readily admit one mistake upon which Mr. Aickman has lighted. The way in which my original phrase that 'England had over 2,000 miles of navigable rivers and a very considerably greater length of canals' became compressed and mis-written into 'over 20,000 miles of navigable inland waterways' should provide a salutary lesson in the dangers of last-minute compression and revision of scripts. It produced a misstatement which I realised as soon as it was too late to do anything about it. But it did not in any way affect the issues which I had under discussion, and I presume that the others besides Mr. Aickman who must have noticed it passed it in silence for that reason.

Such a mistake has nothing in common with the special pleading which overlooks the work on England's roads which followed after the 1745 rebellion, and saw the work of Metcalfe and the spate of Turnpike Trust Acts of the period, because it is inconvenient to admit that our roads and our canals developed side by side and that both were active markets for capital, labour and engineering skill during the same period, from about 1760 to about 1830.

In my first talk I spoke of the Stroudwater Canal, for the sake of clarity and brevity, as a through-route between Severn and Thames. To be precise I should have perhaps have said 'The Stroudwater, with its continuation in the Thames and Severn Canal under separate management'; but my meaning was apparently clear even to Mr. Aickman, and to all save those who would wish to insist that the Stroudwater *eo nomine* does not run further inland than Stroud. So in my second talk, speaking of such a through route, I used the same con-

vention and abbreviation, and said that the Stroudwater was closed. The purist may cavil; but it should be at my first use of the word Stroudwater in this sense, not at the second use and in a way that conveys the impression that in 1931 the Stroudwater was open as a through route.

A man who tries to get your readers to believe that power-craft would have brought the Huddersfield Narrow Cut to life is asking them to overlook the fact that seventy-four locks in twenty miles make it hardly worth while to run a motor at all (for the locks come so frequently), that the banks of so narrow a cut would be washed out if any speed were attained, and that the diesel lorry coincides with the power-boat and has great advantages for so short a haul.

The capacity to be mistaken is shown by the failure to realise the use of the 'historic present tense', the transfer of a statement about the Oxford Canal to the Shropshire Union (with which I was making a comparison), and the conclusion that I have not realised the consequences of nationalisation! Between a man who (like myself) can write such phrases and can think that their meaning must be clear to all who bring a fair-minded interest to the problem, and one who can so misread these phrases, there must obviously be a wide difference, not only in our views but in our ways of presenting those views.

That difference seems to me to be the difference between an attempt to suggest a general view of the canals as trunk-routes on the one hand, and endless special pleading on each individual detail on the other hand. Each approach is certainly subject to criticism, and it must be a matter of opinion which results in the more 'constructive' view of the problem. May I suggest that those of your readers who are interested should consult a recent book (which I had not seen when I prepared my talks)—C. Hadfield's *The Canals of Southern England*. There they will find, fairly set out for the individual canals of the south, the sort of detail on which Mr. Aickman relies. With such information before them, I am well content to leave them to judge whether Mr. Aickman or I prove the more culpable in spreading the 'public ignorance and official distortion' about which Mr. Aickman protests so strongly.

Yours, etc.,
Cambridge E. E. RICH

The Italy of Leonardo da Vinci

Sir,—By quoting, in his talk of the above title, the letter from Leonardo da Vinci to the Regent of Milan in which he offers to make armaments, J. Bronowski suggests a ruthlessness in his subject which certainly was not wholly true. Leonardo was one of those rare beings in any era, a practising humanitarian, and in one of his Notes (Folio 89, 41v. MS H) deplored the fact that 'we make our life by the death of others'. He wrote: 'I have from an early age, abjured the use of meat, and the time will come when men such as I will look on the murder of animals as they now look on the murder of men'.

It is doubtful whether he would feel flattered at being likened to the men of science of today who come so very far short of fulfilling his prophecy.

Yours, etc.,
Selsey ESMÉ WYNNE-TYSON

Memories of George Bernard Shaw

Sir,—Mr. Allan M. Laing, in his letter in *THE LISTENER* of May 3, rightly refers to Hesketh Pearson's biography of Shaw for evidence that it was Mrs. Shaw who prompted her husband to set about writing 'Saint Joan' when

he did, but Shaw himself anticipated the work many years before, when he wrote to Mrs. Patrick Campbell on September 8, 1913, when he was visiting Orleans: 'I shall do a Joan play some day, beginning with the sweeping up of the cinders and orange peel after her martyrdom, and going on with Joan's arrival in heaven'. He wrote that the play would include 'the only redeeming figure in the whole business'—the English soldier who offered her two faggots tied together as a cross (which, of course, it did)—and a scene showing 'Voltaire and Shakespeare running down bye streets in heaven to avoid meeting Joan' (which, unfortunately, it did not). The letter appears in the correspondence edited by Alan Dent.—Yours, etc.,
Preston N. C. OATRIDGE

Old London Churches

Sir,—Many readers will no doubt have been struck by the resemblance between the façade of Boone's Chapel, Lewisham, a photograph of which you publish with the talk on old London churches in *THE LISTENER* of April 26, and that of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, a snapshot of which, taken last year, I enclose.



As, according to a leaflet I picked up in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, that Inigo Jones church was opened for worship about 1633, and Boone's chapel was apparently not built until 1683, the unnamed architect of the latter appears to have been the copy-cat.—Yours, etc.,
Cork ROBERT MACDONALD

Test Cricket as a Restrictive Practice

Sir,—Major Bowen believes that his statistical tables 'provide clear evidence that the shorter game provides brighter batting'. But surely his tables distort the issue, since most of the three-day Tests played in England since 1930 were games played before the war against the weaker cricketing countries, so that the average runs per day in three-day Tests is considerably raised by England's rate of scoring against sides whose bowling was hardly above county strength.

This objection still does not account for the discrepancy between the rate of scoring in four-day and in five-day Tests. What does account for this is the presence of certain factors which began to operate at about the time when five-day Tests were introduced—though independently of their introduction. First, there is the rule by which the new ball is taken after a certain number of overs have been bowled instead of after a certain number of runs have been scored. One of the intentions behind this new rule—now half-abandoned—was to speed the game up by depriving batsmen of a motive for dawdling. But its effect has been, above all, to encourage negative bowling—not least by almost eliminating the leg-break and googly bowler. Secondly, there is the fact, that since five-day Tests were introduced—since, not because—scores have tended to be lower, which

means, almost automatically, that the rate of scoring has been lower. Thirdly, and above all, there has been the newfangled tendency in out-cricket to look on defence as the best form of attack. (This tendency is also to be found in modern rugby and was found for a time in association football.)

Major Bowen might reply that this tendency has come into cricket as a result of the introduction of five-day Tests. Yet the other day, at the Oval, I watched Surrey, batting against Derbyshire, take three hours over their first 99 runs. This was clearly not because of any unwillingness on the part of the batsmen to force the pace. The slow pace was imposed by grimly defensive bowling and field-setting of the kind I described in my talk.

This happened on the first day of a three-day match. It was entirely characteristic of present-day cricket. Clearly Major Bowen's argument that long Tests produce dull cricket

rests on the fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc*.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3

DAVID SYLVESTER

Eighteenth-century Cricket

Sir,—In his happy appraisal of eighteenth-century cricket (*THE LISTENER*, May 3) Mr. Gordon Jeffery gave us a number of famous names.

Far too little, however, appears to be known of one of the greatest of clerical cricketers of the period—the Rev. Lord Frederick Beauclerk (1773–1850). A great-grandson of Charles II and Miss Nell Gwynn, he is not included in *The Dictionary of National Biography*, although he has been described as 'well nigh as unscrupulous as he was accomplished'. And how many cricketers have had his distinction of being 'warned off' Lord's Cricket Ground?

Yours, etc.,

Cokethorpe Park C. K. FRANCIS BROWN

'Gondal's Queen'

Sir,—Your reviewer of *Gondal's Queen*, by Emily Brontë, edited by Miss Fannie Ratchford, claims it as a serious editorial error that 'Prince Julius, a promising young undergraduate at the Palace of Instruction, is made to give vent to his feelings in a poem in which he describes himself as sixty-three years old and grey-haired'. It is quite clear from the poem itself that the imprisoned prince is reporting *his judge's* words—the judge was sixty-three and grey-haired. The poem's first thirty-four lines are between inverted commas. Line thirty-five begins, without inverted commas, 'So spake my judge . . .'. Neither Miss Ratchford nor Emily Brontë is, therefore, at fault.—Yours, etc.,

Dundrum

GEOFFREY TAYLOR

[Our reviewer writes:

Mr. Taylor is quite right. I am sorry to say that I failed to notice the inverted commas. My apologies to both the ladies.]

Gardening

How to Grow Hydrangeas from Cuttings

By P. J. THROWER

RECENTLY I was looking through the hydrangeas we have planted outside to see approximately how many flowers we could expect this year; on those in the shrubberies I am afraid there will not be many flowers—the buds have not survived the severe weather. I do not mean that the bushes were dead, but the flowering buds had gone. We have one under the wall by the back door and I was pleased to see quite a few of the shoots on this one were going to flower; this, I think, shows what a difference the shelter of a wall can make. Hydrangeas always flower better and more frequently when they are planted against a wall; under a south or west wall is the position they like best. They can be very uncertain when they are planted out in the open with other shrubs, but, in spite of this, I am sure they are worth having in the garden.

The hydrangea is always popular, whether growing and flowering outside or as a pot plant, and there are few finer pot plants for the spring and summer months. They do exceptionally well along parts of the south and west coast. I always admire them in the late summer, and, I might add, feel envious when I see them flowering so profusely. We call them flowers, but actually the part that provides the colour is not a flower at all; the flower itself is insignificant and trucked away underneath. The thing about the hydrangea which fascinates so many people is the way the flower heads so often change colour, the colours changing from a pale green as the heads develop and changing again to various colours as they fade. The blue seems to be the favourite colour, but we can hardly call this a natural colour because it depends so much on the chemical make-up of the soil. Acid soils and those with a high iron content produce the true blue flowers, and the same plants transferred to another kind of soil gradually revert to pinks of various shades; pinks and reds are the predominant colours, and we have a few pure white ones. The colour can be changed by treating the plants with chemicals; there are on the market various preparations known as 'Hydrangea Colorant'; they are used in a similar way to using fertilisers, either sprinkling them round the bushes, about a tablespoon round each, or given in solution, a dessertspoon to a gallon of water.

It is one of the easiest plants to grow from cuttings, and a greenhouse or garden frame is not a necessity. The shoots should now be in an ideal condition for making the cuttings. Some of the shoots on the bushes will produce flowers, some will not, and this applies to those growing in pots as well as those planted outside. Those shoots which are going to flower will already have their buds, and by looking into the centre of the shoot it is easy to distinguish between those that are going to flower and those that are not. The non-flowering shoots or those not showing flower buds make the best cuttings; in any case you will not want to cut off those that are going to flower. The top three or four inches of the shoots is all that is needed to make the cuttings. The leaves are in pairs, opposite on the stem, and when you cut off a shoot as a cutting, cut it off just above a pair of leaves.

To prepare the cutting, cut through the stem just below the bottom pair of leaves on the shoot you have cut off. If you leave this pair of leaves on they will be in the way when you put the cutting into the soil, so cut them off close to the stem, but do not cut into the main stem. The hormone rooting powders will help the cuttings to root quicker and better, and only the bottom half-inch of the stem, where you have made the cut, needs to be dipped into the powder. These, like all other cuttings, should not be allowed to droop; if they do they will take much longer to form their roots, and the only way to prevent them from flagging is to keep the cuttings in a close, humid atmosphere. Use a small flower-pot; in one three-and-a-half inches in diameter you can get four cuttings round the inside edge. Fill the pot with a sandy or peaty soil mixture—do not add any manure to it—and put the cuttings in so that one to two inches of stem is under the soil, and press them in firmly. Then the cuttings must be watered, and they must be given enough water to soak the soil in the pot right through to the bottom.

To keep them in a close, humid atmosphere to prevent them from drooping, stand the pot on a saucer and put a large upturned jam-jar over the pot and the cuttings, or, better still, get one of the plastic bags (those used for wrapping food are good), stand the pot of cuttings in the bag and tie the open end tightly together

to exclude the air. It can be stood on the window-sill in a warm room, and the cuttings should have formed their own roots in three to four weeks. You can tell when they are beginning to root because they will make fresh growth from the centre and produce more leaves. They must then come out of the jar or plastic bag and be planted out or potted separately into three-and-a-half-inch flower-pots.

When the plants have made four or six pairs of new leaves the young tip from the centre of each plant can be pinched out; this will stop the upward growth of the single shoot and next year's flower buds will form in the leaf joints. We have some 200 or more plants rooted from cuttings just over twelve months ago. There are anything from two to eight flowers on each plant, and they make fine pot plants. I think it is best to flower them in pots at once (at the moment ours are in pots five inches in diameter), and when flowering has finished plant them outside. They become very large if they are kept in pots for a second year.

—From a talk in the Midland Home Service

SPEAKING ABOUT PLANTS for the summer display in 'Home Grown', F. H. STREETER said: 'Geraniums are still a great standby and in a dry summer are difficult to beat. Heliotrope attracts attention with its lovely scent—a standard heliotrope always improves the bed: one of the sweetest and best varieties of heliotrope for a standard is the old Peruvian. This is light in colour and is lovely with the large heads of later introductions like Madam de Bussey or Mrs. Lowther to form the foundation. Alternatively, a few gladioli springing up through the groundwork are attractive. Salvias are much in favour these days and edged with white *Alyssum maritimum* brighten up many a back garden. And do not forget the blue salvia. Fuchsias make a perfect bed in a rather shady spot—don't use them in full sun. Fuchsias take much more water than most people think. Once they get dry the blooms will soon drop. For a mass of flower the dwarf dahlias are difficult to beat. The types I mean are Baby Roy and the Single Coltness Gems, only you must keep the spent flowers picked off. The tobacco plants, both the red and white, will give you great pleasure, especially in the evening.'

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ANDREW FORGE

AT the Arts Council exhibition of Twentieth Century Spanish Artists the big international names, Picasso, Gris, Miró, and for that matter several well-known within a slightly narrower circle, are not represented. However, the exhibition introduces a number of artists of a powerful character.

Among painters of Picasso's generation (born in the eighteen-eighties) there is his friend, the Barcelona painter Isidro Nonell. His style, especially as it is shown in a picture called 'Gipsy in White', was extremely close to Picasso's earliest manner. (An early Picasso, filled with this *fin de siècle* atmosphere of satire and melancholy, is to be seen at the moment at the Lefevre Gallery.) The catalogue at St. James's Square is tantalisingly laconic; it offers no dates for the pictures and its brief notes leave one to guess about many connections that suggest themselves. What for instance is one to make of an extraordinary kinship between Gutierrez Solana's composition of skeletons called 'The End of the World' and certain pictures by James Ensor? Just as one decides that such a connection must lie in a common interest in Bosch and Brueghel, one sees a still life by Juan Echevarria in which the colour and handling are as near to Ensor as Solana's theme. Solana is evidently an artist of remarkable power. His groups, 'Claudia's Girls' and 'The Washerwoman', are reminiscent of the early Cézanne in their clumsy frontality and their forceful and fleshy drawing within a world of black and olive green and yellow ochre. Slightly younger than these artists, José Mompou is a mild but assured fauvist, a cross, as it were, between Marquet and Matthew Smith.

The generation born between 1900 and 1920 has, it seems, little to offer apart from half-hearted *avant-gardism*. Among the artists born in the nineteen-twenties there are two interesting tendencies about which one would like to know more; on the one hand Raphael Pena seems to be the best representative of what one suspects is an officially encouraged style: a simple lyrical treatment of children, household objects, animals and so on combined with a sort of heavy-limbed lay-figure monumentality. On the other hand is a slightly younger group (Antonio Tapiés, Feito Lopez, Antonio Saura) who, concentrating on their material and experimenting with flaking grounds and thin or dribbled paint, are producing highly romantic abstracts that would seem to connect them with certain American artists.

People have as strong feelings about countries as they have about pictures (consider how faithfully every gesture of the Ecole de Paris has been sustained by various strains of the French *'flu'*) and this matters very greatly in the interpretation of art and the formation of opinions about it.

The strong feelings engendered by Guttuso (represented at the Leicester Galleries' exhibition of Italian 'realist' painting) are anything but unattached; nor are the attachments simply political for they are connected nostalgically in time with the days before the war, the

popular front, and in *geography* they form a new phase in England's enduring affair with the South. Legends of past wars cause both nostalgias to mingle; the words Garibaldi Brigade ring out effectively on the pages of the catalogue. And as well the Englishman's southward gaze is coloured with a longing for pagan beauty; in the present attachment to themes of labouring tight-clad femininity, violence, sweat and so on in a southern climate, there is much of the astounded puritan's

gaping delight. These, of course, are not the issues that are discussed. Meanwhile words like Realism have had all the meaning knocked out of them. Guttuso himself and Zigaina, to mention the most weighty of his followers here, use the kind of adroit hard-hitting painted symbols that we know from film posters and magazines. The Disneyesque in Guttuso has been remarked upon; it leaps to the eye in the drawing and colour, but another feature seems to connect him with this kind of art and that is the *tempo*, the duration of his pictures. One balances for so few seconds against the onslaught of his images, and then one finds oneself saying 'I would rather be looking at a real man eating spaghetti'. In this sense his pictures are a trumpet against art; why then has he not made himself with his great talents the illustrator, the propagandist, the cartoonist of the decade?

There is one artist, Treccani, whose work one would like to know much better. He is the only painter represented in whom appearances themselves work as powerful agents of inspiration. His large figure and his industrial landscape, though not without a certain whimsical tentativeness of execution, have a feeling for the uniqueness and importance of appearances which is exactly met by their unsensational yet firm and substantial drawing.

Some fifty works by Renoir have been brought together from private collections to form a delightful exhibition at the Marlborough Gallery. The purpose of the exhibition is to raise funds for the purchase of Renoir's property, 'Les Colettes', at

Cagnes-sur-Mer. The intention is to preserve it as a national monument which will be open to visitors and especially painters who, it is expected, will want to come to work there.

The bulk of the exhibition consists of work dating from after 1890. It shows us Renoir at his most glowing, his most sumptuous. It emphasises that aspect of his work that relates most closely to his sculpture, to his intimation of a whole world of sensuality in the levels of bas-relief, to his relaxed pagan appetite, that side of him that caused him to make his latest women models look like precious beasts. The Courtauld 'La Loge' and two unimportant landscapes of 1873 are the only works shown in which the colour functions impressionistically. One misses therefore the prelude to his final assumption of style, his decision to come down to his own earth, as it were, to fashion the things that he loved so that he could feel that he could pick them up, and no longer to spread his affections in the outer world.



'Peasant woman of Calabria', by Ernesto Treccani, from the exhibition at the Leicester Galleries

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Juvenile Offenders before the Courts

By Max Grünhut. Oxford. 21s.

1,000,000 Delinquents

By Benjamin Fine. Gollancz. 18s.

DR. GRUNHUT'S IMPORTANT BOOK will become part of the essential equipment of the criminologist; it contains matter of interest to anyone concerned with the young offender, matter of interest in particular to the magistrate. It deals with the distribution of juvenile offenders about the country and with the varying use by magistrates of the weapons at their disposal. The three year period 1948, 1949, and 1950 was chosen for the research and we are provided with the average rates of juvenile delinquency for 130 of the 134 police districts into which the country is divided. During these years, out of every 1,000 boys and girls between the ages of 8 and 17, 25 came before the courts, if you average the three years for the country as a whole. In Bootle, however, the figure mounts to 61 and in Manchester to 40, while in Devonshire it sinks to 10 and in Norfolk to 11. The numbers vary from place to place, and so do the decisions of the magistrates. Taking the country as a whole, 21 per cent. of offenders were absolutely discharged and 41.4 per cent. were put on probation, but in Swansea, for example, the absolute discharge rate was 37.1, and the probation rate only 14.8. In Rotherham 53.6 delinquents were fined; the national rate is 14.6.

This marked difference, which is, of course, compensated by unusually low rates of discharge and fining and high rates of probation in other parts of the country, was more closely investigated by taking the records of 700 delinquents from five districts: Oxford, Oxford County, Newcastle, Swansea, and the West Riding of Yorkshire. The results of this enquiry show how different is the pattern of delinquency as one moves from place to place. In Newcastle, for instance, there was an unusually large number of senior boys given to repeated acts of breaking and entering, while in Swansea they were plagued mainly by junior boys who confined themselves to simple stealing. It was, however, surprising to find a high rate of absolute discharge in both places and a wide difference in their use of probation. The probation rate for Newcastle was 35.5 and for Swansea 14.8, both below Oxford City with a probation rate of 43.7 and a low discharge rate of 19.6.

An incidental finding of this fascinating piece of research is that in all five districts 'a high proportion of 70 to 80 per cent. of the boys came from good or satisfactory homes'. This does not fit in with Mr. Fine's account of juvenile delinquents in the United States, but then Mr. Fine's survey of the American scene is not a severe statistical analysis, but rather a call to arms against a growing menace. The author is the educational editor of *The New York Times*, but it would be unfair to dismiss his book as mere journalism and therefore so easy on the eye that there must be something wrong with it. He visited 'training schools', he talked to judges and sat in their courts, and he investigated a number of methods employed in different areas to cope with the problem of delinquency by establishing youth organisations on a neighbourhood basis or in connection with the police. These experimental enterprises will be of interest to the English reader, so too will be the impression we get of the significance of a juvenile 'underworld'. 'As time passes', writes a rather pompous little girl, 'I fall into the dark haze of what is called "Juvenile Delinquency".'

The reason is simple. At the time of my thirteenth year I decided to be a wild chick as I had seen many of my friends doing . . . I was the type that wanted to follow the crowd, I did but got stuck'. Reference to hens recurs, but mostly in the records of boys, who joined the gang 'so's no one can call me chicken'. Delinquency is seldom a purely private gesture, it nearly always means identifying oneself with an alternative and more exciting stratum of society. Delinquency, in fact, is a social institution.

Gallipoli. By Alan Moorehead.

Hamish Hamilton. 21s.

Mr. Moorehead's narrative of the Gallipoli campaign is more brilliant than any previous account of the subject and is unlikely to be surpassed. His book is less impressive in its handling of the strategic controversies which surrounded the campaign from its inception, surround it still and will surround it, it seems, so long as it is remembered.

He appears deliberately to have avoided controversial issues. It is noticeable, for example, that more space and labour is devoted to building up the strategic situation as it was seen by the Turks than to unravelling the tangled and conflicting pressures under which the British contemplated, mounted, and then abandoned the campaign. This is partly due to the fact that the author has been able to obtain new information from Turkish sources. But it is probably due more to the fact that for the Turks, on the defensive, the campaign offered no choice and raised no debateable major questions. They had simply to thwart the enemy or be defeated. For the British, beginning with the initial problem of whether or not the campaign was justified at all, there was an endless series of risks and dilemmas—and possibly of mistakes. Should the initial naval attack be supported by the army? Should the army landings, later, be supported by a naval attack? Should the army be reinforced, and where? Should evacuation be accepted? When? On such debateable issues, which are still the source of disagreement, Mr. Moorehead merely states or implies his views, which are those of an enthusiast for the campaign and of a critic of all the half-measures by which it was bedevilled, before hurrying on with his account.

Deliberate or otherwise, a short way with the ponderables was justified in the sort of book which Mr. Moorehead, who first distinguished himself as a war correspondent, so clearly wanted to write. He is more concerned with the campaign as such, with the campaign in its own right and in all its details, than with the campaign as a phase or an item in a larger struggle. And his account of it from this point of view is so nearly perfect that even those who regret his omissions or disagree with his larger verdicts will applaud it as they read. It does not contain much that is new; but the story is arranged with superb skill and told with impressive quietness; and more remarkable still is the evocative power of the writing. The character studies of the leaders on both sides could not be bettered. The scenes, at sea and on the beaches, spring to life, every detail sharply focused. What it was like to people those scenes, to be at Anzac Cove or in a submarine in the Sea of Marmora, has never been described so vividly and with such force of conviction. And over all there has been cast a mood of mingled excitement and depression, of pathos, tragedy, and compassion, which seems the perfect

atmosphere for the tale. The author must have taken great pains with this book—it is so finished and so good to read—but he could not have reached such heights by merely taking pains.

Sir Kenelm Digby, The Ornament of England: 1603-1655

By R. T. Petersson. Cape. 25s.

To most students of seventeenth-century England the name of Sir Kenelm Digby, constantly recurring, is associated, not with one, but with many diversified activities. To the medievalist, his name recalls a valuable collection of manuscripts in the Bodleian; to the historian of science and medicine, he personifies that period when ancient hypotheses and ridiculous remedies were gradually yielding to experiment and clinical observation; to the annalist of Court life, Digby is the embodiment of chivalry and munificence. He is known for no sustained or notable achievement. But his career illustrates many important aspects of his period.

As a Roman Catholic, he was one of a suspected, disfranchised minority; as a man of landed estate, he suffered from the Commonwealth confiscations; as a friend of the mighty and famous, he allowed his own merits to be obscured or dissipated. His career was one of effort and failure, passed in England and on the continent, and always on the margin of events. His introduction to public events began, at the age of fourteen, with a visit to Spain, to be followed three years later by the Grand Tour; in 1623, when he was twenty, he went to Madrid for the royal marriage negotiations which were to prove so disastrous. He then married the famous beauty and courtesan Venetia Stanley, whose tragic death in 1633 deepened the religious and mystic elements in his character. By contrast (or perhaps as a relief to over-wrought feelings) he was engaged in pirating in the Mediterranean in the years 1627-28, an episode followed by service as a naval commissioner and a short-lived conversion to Anglicanism. Anxious to relieve his fellow Roman Catholics in England and to obtain funds for Charles, he went from Paris to Rome in 1645 and 1646 to make two ridiculous appeals to the Pope for money, and meanwhile he was consorting with French savants and English exiles in France. In 1660, with the Restoration, he returned to England, where he was active in the foundation and early proceedings of the Royal Society.

Such an ineffective career would scarcely warrant a biography. But Digby was a virtuoso—perhaps the last of his type in this country—a Renaissance figure, born in the wrong country and the wrong century. He dabbled in practically every intellectual pursuit, at a time when the quack was just beginning to be distinguished from the scientist. Much of this well-written biography is devoted to Digby's speculations and experiments, many of them embodied in his most extensive publication, the *Two Treatises*, which he began in 1640. Ample justice to this pseudo-science is done in Mr. Petersson's book. There are other sides to his career. One of the most graceful and influential figures at the Court of Charles I, Digby provides a good example of how that Court, its figures so well known to us from the canvases of Van Dyck, might well have developed into one of the most brilliant in our history. He is also of interest as an example of something rare in his period, namely, the distinctive culture of English Roman Catholics. A third interest in his career arises from his



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associations, usually fleeting, with distinguished men, including Ben Jonson and Hobbes in England, Corneille, Descartes, and Mersenne abroad. Altogether, Mr. Petersson has produced a good biography, well balanced and agreeably written, based on a great variety of printed and manuscript sources. Only one word of criticism. His printers might have used larger type for the references.

Princess Mathilde. By Marguerite Castillon du Perron, translated by Mary McLean. Heinemann. 30s.

Few French volumes of reminiscence of the years between 1840 and 1900 are complete without a reference to Princess Mathilde, but hitherto no biography of her has appeared in English. All one had was an impression of an influence in society, but it remained disembodied. Now the vacuum has been filled by Mme Castillon du Perron, herself the granddaughter of two eminent Bonapartists, Victor Duruy, Napoleon III's remarkable educational reformer, and Emile Jolibois, the instrument of the break between Prince Napoleon, the 'César déclassé', and his son Victor over the succession to the Bonapartist claim.

The tenacity of the Bonaparte family is always astonishing. After Waterloo, there still survived the three ex-kings, Joseph, Louis, and Jerome, incompetent, penniless, and predatory, but connected with half the royal families of Europe. Mathilde, Jerome's daughter, was, of all things, a great-great-granddaughter of George II of England. She was born in the year before her uncle's death on Saint Helena. Her youth was spent in the company of her bankrupt but spendthrift father, drifting from Italy to Germany and back. Her education was negligible, but she had the advantage of beauty and grace. At the age of sixteen, she was half affianced to her cousin, Louis Napoleon, but his attempted *coup d'état* at Strasbourg put an end to that. Four years later Jerome married her off to a handsome Russian millionaire, Anatole Demidoff, securing to himself five-sixths of her dowry. Demidoff proved a brute and after seven years of hideous married life, she got rid of him.

From 1844, she lived in Paris. Regimes passed—monarchy, republic, empire: Princess Mathilde remained. Under the Second Empire her salon in the rue de Courcelles, her villa at Saint-Gratien, glittered with talent. Writers, painters, scientists filled her rooms, Sainte-Beuve, Flaubert, Gauthier, Claude Bernard, the Goncourts, Taine, Renan. They flattered her, ate her dinners, quarrelled with her and departed. Were they self-seeking? It does not seem so. Yet for what did they value her? Even Mme du Perron's kindly pages cannot disguise the fact that she was uneducated, self-opinionated, tactless, and downright, that she had little taste in either painting or literature, that she did not understand artists and their professional integrity. She had no truster guide than her heart, and her heart was impetuous. When she did a foolish thing, and she did many, including twice taking lovers who betrayed her, she was misled. When she did a wise one, as in her relations with the Empress Eugénie, it was her heart and not her mind that dictated her attitude. She was generous, but brooked no opposition. She was dominated by the ghost of Napoleon. So she dismissed Sainte-Beuve for joining a non-governmental paper. She dismissed Taine for his portrait of the Bonaparte family.

With the defeat of 1870 and the extinction of the Empire, her world crumbled. Her salon never recovered. Sainte-Beuve was already dead. Gauthier vanished and then Flaubert. Edmond de Goncourt drew away. She quarrelled with Sardou. Then Maupassant and the younger Dumas died. The survivors were ageing and her

last lover, Popelin, deserted her for a girl. In 1891 her brother—Prince Napoleon, the claimant—expired, and Bonapartism was absorbed by the Nationalists. She lived on for thirteen melancholy years, kind to her relatives, exchanging letters with her diminishing circle of friends. Only memories remained.

Princess Mathilde could not be the subject of a great biography, but the life makes a pleasant pageant. There are all kinds of unexpected glimpses: of a ghastly mid-winter journey from Vienna to Petersburg, of the tyrant Nicholas I being delightfully kind to a young girl. The translation is adequate, no more, and one has a right to ask for at least one portrait of the princess.

The Analysis of Beauty. By William Hogarth. Edited by Joseph Burke. Oxford. 42s.

How clairvoyant was Hogarth? How much livingness was captured by his senses and perpetuated by his skill? How much of him is now idiomatically dead? And can we honestly say that we are still moved, possessed, delighted, and rapt by much of Hogarth's painting?

These are questions too infrequently propounded or replied to. Hogarth is a master (though mastery exists—or persists—as with a Breugel or a Watteau, in transcending the style, idiom, or mannerisms of a period); and being a master, accepted abroad as well as at home, He now owes an ironic immunity, one may think, to those English connoisseurs he loathed so much in his own day. That is the position. Blind, impervious, respectable, bad-tempered under criticism, conceited, and intolerant of new experience or new judgement, the amateur guardians of our native art growl over their bones, of which Hogarth is one. They feel themselves encouraged when an immigrant art-historian permits himself to recognise Hogarth (but not Stubbs for example); and though their eyes might as well be turned towards match-box lids or cheese labels, should an artist be 'historically important', he is for them aesthetically deathless and immune.

This edition of the *Analysis of Beauty* is one of those pieces of scholarly exhumation which show how dangerous it is for professors to take over the connoisseurs' stock at the connoisseurs' valuation. Borrowing, in Hogarth's phrase, 'a pair of double-ground connoisseur's spectacles', Professor Burke does not question the livingness of Hogarth's unpictorially assembled satires. If Hogarth has been called 'literary', if an occasional daring spirit (Roger Fry, for one) has assailed Hogarth for feebleness of composition, Professor Burke can nest cosily in another scholar's quite specious rejoinder that Hogarth must be judged only by a principle of 'kinetic intricacy'—as if that principle were the same as a kinetic incoherence.

A false valuation of Hogarth causes a false valuation of his book. Perhaps only the *Discourses* of Reynolds (who is also overestimated through the double-ground spectacles) are as unreadable as the *Analysis of Beauty*. Baroque by inheritance, Hogarth plumps for serpentine intricacy of line and an 'elegant wantonness'; he dislikes authority and master-worship, he is empirical, he is at war with idealism, he demands freedom of the eye. Dragging through his awkward yet simple pages, one discovers sentiments and pronouncements apt to his few living works, which include 'The Shrimp Girl', 'The Stay-maker', 'The Bench', and the delicious 'Wanstead Assembly', in which the dancers assuredly move 'in a composed variety of lines chiefly serpentine, govern'd by the principle of intricacy'.

Observations now and again show Hogarth's eye in its freedom working with theory or con-

viction. If he were to paint Charon, he says, he would apply his observation of Thames watermen and would 'venture to give him a broad pair of shoulders, and spindle shanks', whether or no he could find for this the 'authority of an antique statue, or basso-relievo'. Or Hogarth justifies the Cherub—'an infant's head of about two years, with a pair of duck's-wings placed under its chin, supposed always to be flying about, and singing psalms'—as a union of two elegant forms, composed of agreeable lines. Yet one may doubt whether the *Analysis*, which could be well enough dealt with and analysed in a paper in a learned periodical, deserves for its content or for its author *qua* artist all this solemnity of an edition, with introduction, notes and rejected passages from Hogarth's manuscript. It is excellently managed by Professor Burke and it has its value. But it is also a warning. Hedges are grubbed up and the 'academic field' is being enlarged to include English art as well as English literature in an embrace which will often be stifling. As we go into galleries and attempt to 'see with our own eyes', we should still remember that there are more academies than one which art does not inhabit; and in this case it should not be concealed from us that by now Hogarth's true standing, his true relation to livingness, outside a very few pictures, sketches, and drawings, is that of a carving riddled with time's rot and wood-worm. He seems to stand firm, whole and secure, by the compulsion of our own habits, but a good knock would reduce him mostly to dust. Art is still its own affectivity, not the vested superstition or vested stuffing of scholarship.

Articulate Energy: An Enquiry into the Syntax of English Poetry By Donald Davie.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 18s.

As Mr. Davie has pointed out, syntax forms the skeleton of the body poetic. For this reason it is perhaps most conspicuous when some particular deformity, like a hunch-back or a club-foot, causes it to affect the disposition of the more outer structures. There can be no doubt that a good number of modern poems do display such syntactic irregularities and Mr. Davie has set himself the task of seeking the reasons for this phenomenon and assessing its importance and its value as a poetic technique.

To this endeavour he has brought the gifts of a clear and scholarly mind, an interest in philosophical theories concerning the nature of language, and an acute critical acumen. As examples of the modern attitudes towards syntax he draws chiefly on the works of T. E. Hulme, Suzanne Langer, and, above all, on the great essay of Fenollosa. It is heartening to find that this last work is at last being appreciated at its true value by somebody other than Ezra Pound, as it is significant that Mr. Davie's Fenollosa differs from that of Mr. Pound in certain fundamental respects. This essay is one of the great seminal works of the century and it is to be hoped that it will soon be more generally available than it is at present.

Having considered these theories of syntax Mr. Davie goes on to consider their relevance to actual poems—to Pope, and Wordsworth, and Yeats. On occasion he is able to produce an analysis which makes a poem clearer and more meaningful than it has ever appeared before. This happens, for example, when he comes to treat Coleridge's 'This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison'. On other occasions, as with 'Sailing to Byzantium' by Yeats, he allows his theories to get the better of his judgement and, although he has the excuse that the poet himself was also misled, there is little elucidation and a good deal of muddle.

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JONATHAN CAPE

Finally, Mr. Davie comes round to his own theory of poetic syntax which he correctly describes as 'conservative'. Crudely, this can be characterised by saying that he believes syntax to be the prime articulating factor in poetry as well as prose. Further, it will be better if poets stick to a syntax which is structurally similar to that of the prose of their time since 'all readers are most accustomed to certain sorts of prose'.

It is at this point that some readers may raise their eyebrows in querulous disapproval. Surely, they will think, we, at least, are more accustomed to speaking and to listening than we are to reading and, whatever conversation may be, it is not, as M. Jourdain imagined it to be, prose. In a recently published book, Mr. Randolph Quirk stated: 'It is clear—that we tend not to talk in sentences at all'. Now, there is much modern poetry where the syntax seems odd on the page only because it is natural to the ear. This applies to Eliot and, largely, to Pound. It is not a new thing for poetry to be nearer the spoken idiom than prose. The same approximation is to be found in Pope—only he lived at a time when speech was more grammatical than it is today. The result of such reflections will be that many readers, while agreeing with Mr. Davie on the importance of syntax to poetic articulation, will wish that he had considered both types of popular syntax, that of speech as well as that of prose, and had illuminated the poet's struggle to reconcile them so that his poem might be adequate to the demands of each and able to make use of the resources of both.

An American Vista. By Dean Acheson. Hamish Hamilton. 15s.

The present United States Secretary of State has had to bear much from the press of this and other European countries. Perhaps he has received more than a fair share of disapproval and distrust because he has suffered by comparison with his remarkable predecessor. Mr. Dulles's *War or Peace*, when set alongside this little volume by Mr. Acheson, reveals the gulf of insight and understanding that lies between them. Mr. Dulles has admittedly to contend with a party far less unitedly sympathetic to the aims upon which he and Mr. Acheson are ultimately in agreement; but Mr. Acheson is too modest—or too party-minded—in attributing so much of the credit for the wisdom, the imagination, and the moderation of United States foreign policies between 1945 and 1952 to the Democratic Party, and so little to the leadership of Mr. Truman, of General Marshall, and of himself. It may be true that a Republican administration would have found greater difficulty in avoiding the twin catastrophes of war on the one hand, and too little co-operation, assistance, and intervention on the other, but it is certainly also true that with less far-sighted and courageous leadership a Democratic Administration would very likely not have escaped one of the two disasters either.

But Mr. Acheson's concern is not, as the foregoing might suggest, to write a party tract. He writes to explain to British readers why in his view it is important which party holds the reins of power in Washington. His method is to tell why he became a Democrat, and why he remains one, and so naturally he is led on to discover much that is good in the Democratic Party and much that is unhappy in the Republican. He discusses the nature of the difference between the two parties (which he finds in the representation of many interests among the Democrats, and the representation of only one interest—business—by the Republicans), the tasks for United States foreign policy and why in his view the Democrats are better fitted to perform them, and the evils and dangers of the present security regulations, the Democratic measure of responsi-

bility for which he fully admits. It is an eloquent confession of faith, sincere, often penetrating, often wise. So long as such Americans can rise to positions of power, the rest of the world has little to fear, and the doubtful can draw comfort, and the friends of America encouragement, by reason alike of the words that are written in this book, and of the eminence of the man who wrote them.

The Koran Interpreted

By Arthur J. Arberry.

Allen and Unwin. Two volumes. 45s.

There has been a recent attempt in France to establish *une bibliothèque idéale* from lists of books submitted by eminent men of letters in answer to a questionnaire. Although most of these lists included the Bible and, if the Sacred Books were mentioned at all, added the Tao-te-Ching or the Upanishads, only two or three mentioned the Koran. In the final result the orient, near or far, was represented by *The Thousand and One Nights* alone. It would be instructive to discover how many English readers would include the Koran in such a list. Very few, one suspects, and fewer still from an informed conviction that this was really an indispensable book. Why? It has to be admitted that the available translations have not been of much help. Rodwell's version in *Everyman*, Palmer's in *The World's Classics*—certainly they were the work of conscientious and learned arabists, but they did little to reverse Carlyle's verdict that 'nothing but a sense of duty could carry any European through the Koran'.

It was Marmaduke Pickthall who first maintained that the Koran could not be translated, though he made his own version of it. A translation, he insisted, might supply a more or less accurate account of its contents, but it would fail completely to transmit the compelling chant and rhythms of the original: its endless variations and complexities from *sutra* to *sutra*, the intricate arabesques of verbal sound that still, as at the first impact, make the ritual recitation a 'descent', a Paracletic manifestation. No aesthetic response seems ever to have carried such a weight of transcendence. It is in the heroic attempt to transpose these rhythms into English that Professor Arberry has made, not a translation, but an interpretation: as one might say that Schnabel interpreted a Mozart sonata. There are no notes, no explanations, no light on the obscurities; nothing stands between the reader and the text. To make an adequate report on the result of this undertaking would need years of sympathetic attention to this verbal music. Taken in long draughts, and at a first reading, it becomes abundantly clear that if the Koran is ever to make itself audible to English ears it will be through this rendering.

A Prospect of Britain. By Andrew Young. Hutchinson. 16s.

The extraordinarily ambitious scope of this book contrasts greatly with its modest size. Dr. Young crowds into his pages an immense amount of learning, lore and history, interesting in itself, but not always to the advantage of the atmosphere which he wishes to evoke; for the reader is so often left confused by the collections of proper names which fill the pages. If the aim of the book is to give a prospect of Britain, then surely it would be better to be more selective within the districts which the author chooses, instead of rushing the reader breathlessly from dale to dale? The author's method inevitably means that the chapters become ragged and unbalanced; most of them end far too abruptly and many ramble just as capriciously as Dr.

Young himself leaps from one part of Britain to another. There is too much of what one supposes to be a deliberate negligence of form—even a miniature must obey the canons of art.

Dr. Young is at his best when he can be leisurely and linger over some part of Britain which he loves. His portrait of Edinburgh is the most delightful thing in the book, perhaps because it has particular personal associations for him, and there is much pleasure to be had in other brief, but delicate, impressions—Kingley Dale with its centenarian yews and the 'subterranean' dales of Derbyshire stay in one's mind. There is certainly great charm in the conversational, friendly style in which Dr. Young relates his impressions, as if from the arm-chair, and the book is spiced with humour—it seems that there was a wizard in Edinburgh who so bewitched a staircase, for some obscure reason, that you did not know if you were going up or down. There are numerous quotations from authors, both obscure and well known, rather too many, in fact, since the inverted commas become as disturbing as the capital letters. In short there is a great versatility in Dr. Young's book, which is refreshing in that it is not just a guide-book, but a personal picture-book in words with a commentary. Dr. Young gives us snapshot impressions of beautiful places, and talks learnedly and even brilliantly, but not always poetically, about them for a very brief while before he snatches them from our hands—and, it must be added, these snapshots are considerably better than the rather grey photographs which decorate the book, only two of which catch the eye, those of Slioch and Canterbury.

Even if Dr. Young's aim was to evoke the landscape of Britain, the lack of living people in his picture is disturbing. He writes of Hardy, the poet—'As a poet he was less interested in the scenery of his Wessex than in its inhabitants'. As a poet Dr. Young might have achieved the same balance of landscape and character. One has the feeling that his *Prospect of Britain* is too much filled with the figures of the past, both literary and historical, and that there are too few living voices speaking in our beautiful country.

William, or More Loved than Loving By Lord Sudley.

Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

William said: 'I have got a sensitive nature, and do not respond well to rough treatment'. Each brief section in this book begins like that. William speaks, thinks aloud, for a page or two. He is young and fastidious, apparently timid, aware that he has been badly brought up. His strength is that he doesn't much care about anybody, so is not stifled by other people's expectations. He knows he has been educated to a certain mode of life in accordance with the conventional canons of his elders and supposedly betters. But he supposes nothing. His ordained mode of life does not appeal to him at all, and in seventy-six pages he proceeds, politely, to disembowel it. Samuel Butler would have enjoyed this gravely disrespectful attack on social assumptions, on relatives, on people who insist that we 'pull our weight', on 'people who go about in a phalanx'. With saintly assurance William strips his acquaintances down to the last tenuous loincloth of manners, and leaves them looking horrid and rather ridiculous. This exciting little book, first published in 1933 and now reprinted, is beautifully written in a hard, endurable style, and is both amusing and frightening: it is always frightening to glimpse savagery just down the street. The only thing that dates the book is the author's belief that there is nothing unusual about being rude to a taxi-driver, and getting away with it.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Show Business

'MOVIE MUSEUM', that overpoweringly American compilation of old feature films with the sermonising commentary which has been showing on Saturday nights for some weeks past, has an unexpected virtue. Frequently tedious as entertainment, it has usefully reminded us that television is not yet out of the backwoods stage. All too often it shatters the peace of millions of homes with its echoes of cinema raucousness, in either the opening of programmes or the closing of them. Consider, in passing, the needless bombast which heralds the evening news bulletins. Again, captions and credit lines are often blurred beyond intelligibility because someone is thinking in terms of

nounced by Woodrow Wyatt in his revealing interviews with union members? We now await word of the final effect of the intervention of television on this occasion. It may prove to be an important test case. That union branch meetings are ill-attended by non-Communist members we knew well enough. Even so, it was startling to be made visually aware of the rows of empty chairs. Three-quarters of an hour later that same evening we were switched over to the B.B.C.'s West of England television studios to attend an inquiry into the relations between local industry and the Church. Filmed interviews with Bristol aircraft factory workers were a considerable part of the programme. It had been prefaced the day before, Sunday, by a church service from Bristol at which the cameras were attentive to an aircraft engine placed astride the chancel. On both occasions, Church of England clergymen, speaking in arti-

According to the International Press Institute, 82 per cent. of British newspaper readers are in a like state of ignorance.

There were three personal appearance programmes of varying degrees of merit. The outstanding success was W. Macqueen-Pope, rhapsodising about the theatrical past, a fine unfaltering performance. Our visit to the home of Lady Megan Lloyd George was presumably a gesture to the Welsh viewing community as well as a compliment to her. We saw that she is comfortably fixed, as they say, but the programme ministered to a casual inquisitiveness which I for one did not share. In 'Asian Club', Sir Mortimer Wheeler was apparently out to steal the show. He almost wrecked it. Rarely have we seen on television such a brimming over of personality, genial and amusing but disproportionate to the occasion.

Last Sunday afternoon there was the first edition of a new series to be called 'House Magazine', a visual gossip column about programmes to come. Its thirty-five minutes contained five that were worth the attention of an intelligent viewer, Peter Cushing, the actor, talking about his toy soldiers to General Sir Brian Horrocks. The rest, including the arrival on the set of a scriptwriter's wedding party, fatuously announced to us as a 'scoop', was so much holiday litter and hardly less deplorable.

REGINALD POUND



As seen by the viewer: 'At Home'—Lady Megan Lloyd George talking to Hywel Davies in the programme from Brynawelon, Criccieth, on May 16; right, the Lloyd George Museum



John Cura

cinema, not television. Credits are apt to be self-important in relation to services rendered; producers of trivia are given the impressive roll-up of major artists. There is a case for abolishing screen credits and the paraphernalia that goes with them and for referring viewers to *Radio Times*.

Of the same general order of vulgarity is the pell-mell rush which brings on a programme hardly before what preceded it has vanished from our screens. All this is pioneering crudity, and the remarkable thing about it is that the transgressors are mostly young men who have apparently come into television with tiresomely antique notions about 'show business'. What they have to learn is that the 'show business' concept is out of place in television, that Wardour Street, Tin Pan Alley, and the fairground are subjects for television, not patterns of its behaviour. The whole matter of programme presentation requires overhauling. A master plan is needed. It would not violate our homes with cinema extravaganzas. It would establish television's own code, peculiar to itself, more respectful of the amenities of private life, more disdainful of the claims of sheer momentum.

Last week, customary practice had a jolt when 'Panorama' came out with an intimidatingly direct appeal for decisive electoral action against the Communists of the A.E.U. It seemed to me to be a deviation from B.B.C. impartiality which might have been expected to provoke an aftermath of controversy. Can the fact that it seems to have done nothing of the sort be put down to a more widely prevailing apathy than that de-

san accents, gave more than ocular proof of the reality of the Church's attempt to play its part in the industrial arena.

Serving the best interests of television by opening new windows on the world, the outside broadcast cameras took us to Blackpool for a preview of sights which millions will be seeing later in the year, to Criccieth, North Wales, to call on Lady Megan Lloyd George, to Edinburgh for professional golf, to Leeds for cricket, Yorkshire v. Lancashire, to the White City Stadium, London, for athletics, and to somewhere in Dorset for 'Saturday-Night Out' with Royal Armoured Corps tanks. Picture reception from all those diverse points of the British compass was adequate and sometimes unusually good. Eurovision, linking us with Protestant worship in Amsterdam last Sunday morning, was effective in its demonstration of conquered space if less so in optical efficiency. My pictures lacked the subtleties of light and shade but the implications for the future transcend present shortcomings. Eurovision will widen our viewing horizons. Whether it will do as much for the average understanding is another question. Last week, in Channel 9, a panel-game player could not tell us what Nato means, spelled out.

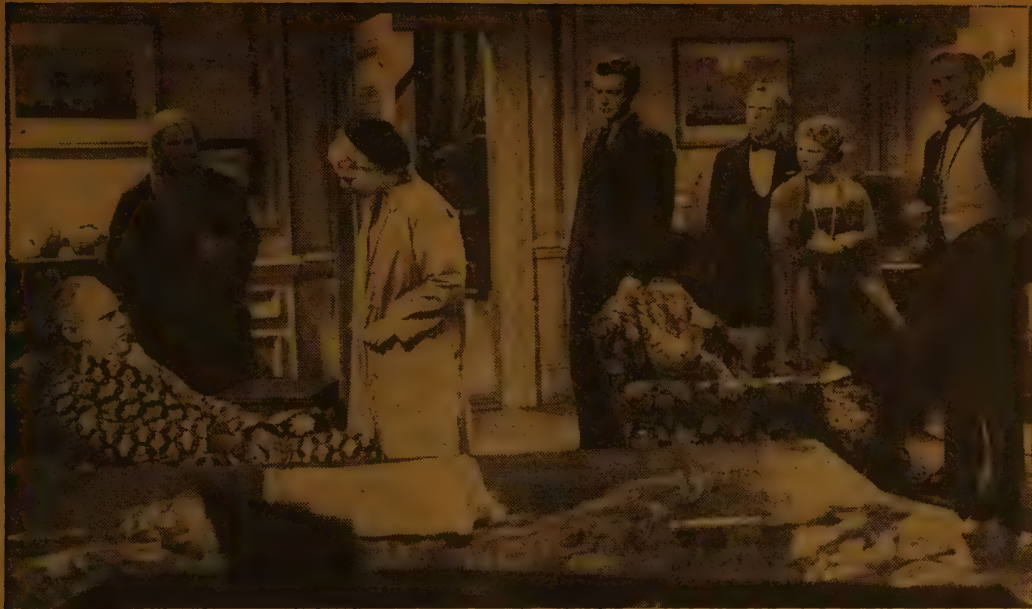
DRAMA

Island Story

IN MY BOYHOOD I read Utopias in plenty; every author of progressive views was eager to tell us how and whither progress would be moving. H. G. Wells poured out his visions of a world set free by a mixture of science and socialism. Now we have had a lot of science and a little of socialism and our disenchantment could hardly be more complete. No heaven on earth for us: we are visited instead by Kafka nightmares and Orwellian glimpses of hell on earth. The television play 'The End Begins' by Ray Rigby conformed to this pattern of a modish pessimism. We saw 'the end' mentioned in the title not only beginning but getting quite a long way: and the time, be it noted, was cheerfully called 'The Present'.



Sir Mortimer Wheeler answering questions in 'Asian Club' on May 18: with him is the chairman, Kamala Markandaya



Scene from 'Mrs. Moonlight' televised on May 20, with (left to right) Cyril Raymond as Tom Moonlight, Jean Cadell as Minnie, Zena Walker as Sarah Moonlight, Alexander Harris as Peter, George Benson as Percy Middling, Sarah Lawson as Jane Moonlight, and Leslie Phillips as Willie Ragg

America and Russia, the play supposed, have gone to war, with Britain at the receiving end of much of the damage. Shakespeare's Richard III vowed to attempt the death of all the world. Now atomic warfare has very nearly achieved that large ambition. But a few survivors do get to a small island off the coast of Ireland where an Englishman with a taste for safety and solitude went into retreat before the war began. There is to be no more serenity or solitude for him. His invaders include military as well as civilians, which leads to division and dispute; there is an American Negro among the whites, which leads to colour-bar contention; and there is one surviving young woman, which causes furious jealousy. When the lady elects to make the Negro her mate, it seems that a passionate and even homicidal climax must come.

But then new boats come sailing in. Who are the strangers? Will they be starving men ready to kill for food or plague-infected men likely to destroy all whom they meet? To these quite natural questions Mr. Rigby made, surprisingly, no reply. His play was called 'The End Begins' and the End, having begun, ended. It had been exciting enough for a while, but the sudden finish was more than disconcerting; it was vexatious. As the charity boy said when he had been put through the alphabet, was it worth going through so much to learn so little?

The players had done as well as might be with their appointed and unremarkable text. John Arnatt, as the original settler, talked common-sense naturally, Michael Goodliffe barked and bullied as a most unpleasant colonel. Leslie Dwyer and Tom Criddle represented 'other ranks' persuasively, while Earl Cameron spoke up well for Africa and America combined. Peter Copley as a testy civilian and Cyril Luckham as a benign medico created effective characters. At the close I was eager to know what would become of them all, and the fact that I was, after ninety minutes, not wearied but wondering was in itself a tribute to Hal Burton's production and to Mr. Rigby's play. It is not every item of television

drama that leaves one wanting to be told a bit more, and hungry for all the answers.

'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?', immediately following, provided a pleasant contrast. Here were answers galore. The experts, Sir Gerald Kelly, Dr. Mary Woodall, and Stephen Bone, questioned about the identity of bits and pieces of famous pictures now in America, rapped out the right replies with a devastating omniscience.

'The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife' is the name of a stage-play adapted by Ashley Dukes from the French. The Man Who Married a Dumb Blonde describes at least three series of television films currently visible and more or less enjoyable. The Burns and Allen Show is one of the weekly half-hours built round a wife who, like the heroine of 'I Love Lucy' (I.T.V.) and 'I Married Joan', drops bricks by the dozen and picks up laughs by the score. These items, all American imports, reveal the very high skill of American script-writers as well as the flick and finish of American production and performance. The situations are routine: the wife, fair and foolish, a delectable nit-wit, seems to be ruining her husband's

career and the husband comes smiling through her follies. Somehow or other the Americans do manage to invent fresh manoeuvres and to find fresh 'cracks' and so keep the fun from dying of repetitive anaemia. Burns and Allen are up to the slick level of their rivals in this very popular line of business. Britain's reply is, I suppose, to hope for exchanges. Will 'Adventures of the Big Man', tales of a London store and of its wise counsellor on human relations, find a rewarding market in America? I could not feel very sanguine after watching last week's episode about a girl who was so embarrassed at being tall that she had to get into criminal company. A tall story indeed, and a thin one, but well enough presented.

Gilbert Harding is affable, urbane, and easy-going in his chairmanship of 'What's My Line?' This apparently everlasting favourite would remain a near-favourite of mine if it were played straight as a contest of detective intelligence; but, to me, it becomes vulgar and tiresome if certain members of the team think that they must, being performers on the stage, perform on the Panel, and also deem it amusing to make coy, sexy jokes when a good-looking challenger appears before them. Mr. Harding should tell them to lay off these non-adult efforts to be bright. Lady Barnett, since she does not put on an act, is not included in this complaint. She has for long proved that she can play the game with shrewdness: it must now be added that she plays it with manners as well as with acumen.

IVOR BROWN

[Mr. Philip Hope-Wallace is on holiday]

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Inside Information

JOHN EARLE, writing 330 years ago, said of a child—any child—'His soul is yet a white paper unscrawled with observations of the world, wherewith, at length, it becomes a blurred notebook'. In 'The Shrimp and the Anemone' we see some of the first entries being made: nine-year-old Eustace, in his little seaside town half a century ago, is learning what the world can be. L. P. Hartley, whose novel Archie Campbell has now adapted and produced for radio (Third) has looked at life through the child's eyes: Eustace is the shrimp in the rock-pool, his possessive elder sister, Hilda, the anemone. There seems here to have been a complete union with the child-mind: nothing patronising, no lifting of an Elder Person's eyebrow as if to say 'Watch this bit of psychology'. Eustace comes to us indeed as 'unscrawled': we feel sharply for him, an explorer losing his way among the thorns and dangers of his life, agonised by the thought of tea with the strange old woman, beset during the storm, or holding the hand of the dying Miss Fothergill.

He is usually in trouble of one kind or another. Mr. Hartley—and Mr. Campbell, we feel, has rightly interpreted him—knows the precise differences in scale between a child's view and an adult's; he understands the agonies, the reticences, the sudden despair, quick elation, the small things that matter so tremendously, the code of a child's secret world, the texture of its intricate relationships. Eustace and Hilda ('When Hilda wants a thing she never thinks of anyone else') are invariably real: on radio Douglas Hankin and



'The Valiant' on May 15, with (left to right) Bill Nagy as the Prison Chaplain, Natalie Benesch as Warden Holt, and Eartha Kitt as Jane Dyke

Susan Dalison projected them with complete confidence. Our hearts were with Eustace, especially in the matter of the will when he disposed carefully of all his earthly goods including 'the pink rosette that I wore at the election, and the picture postcard of Zena Dare'. The adult voices must be merely those of shadows in the background; but no one can give more substance to a shadow than Gladys Young does—she was certainly Eustace's Miss Fothergill—and Allan Cuthbertson and Betty Hardy belonged to the life of Anchorstorie. I wish we could have heard more of what the Steptoes, 'in their fashionable way', called Anxton. Mr. Hartley suggests it so accurately that he makes Anchorstonians (Anxtonians) of us all, but we would go further.

It is a long, long way from the North Sea shore to classic Ithaca and the magnificence of 'The Rescue' (Home). At this time it is what my least favourite historian used to call 'a labour of supererogation' (prelude to three pages, or so) to praise Edward Sackville-West's treatment of those days from the Odyssey. The 'melodrama' is among the high names of radio: it has what the late Sir Max Beerbohm might have called 'the tart ozone of distinction'. Val Gielgud's production restored to us the remembered intensity, the remembered drive—particularly in the tumult of the last scenes—and we realised again how the author's text and Britten's music were complementary, not envious competitors. Stephen Murray had mounting power; Leon Quartermaine remains the perfect Phemius. (I thought I heard Deryck Guyler speaking in Ithaca; but he was not in the cast—there is now an accepted 'old man Guyler' voice). A splendid night: Mr. Sackville-West has inside information about his classical figures just as Mr. Hartley has about Eustace and Hilda.

Henry Cecil might be expected to have privileged information about the people of 'According to the Evidence' (Home). Alas, in W. P. Rilla's version, this came through laboriously. The brand of serio-comic piece is hard to manage, especially when the author must play fast-and-loose with a murder trial. Doubtless the book is amusing; on radio it toils, and the repetitions and circumlocutions of that odd fellow, Colonel Brain, though funny enough for ten minutes or so, grow in the end to the pains of the water-drop torture. The latest Brain, Henry Kendall, coped as buoyantly as possible; the recipe is bland friskiness. There were occasional cheering moments and one sudden ripple of laughter in court that grew to a billow and a tidal wave. But by then it was too late to help.

I shall think of 'The Homecoming' for the dominating performance of Marjorie Westbury and for the fidelity of Raymond Raikes' production. The play itself (Home), Peter Hirche's winner of the Radio Italiana prize in 1955, left me depressed—not because of the technical treatment, with its threading of past and present in the mind of a dying woman, but because the story itself is so tedious. One might condense the theme into Tennyson's lines, 'The first gray streak of earliest summer dawn, The last long stripe of waning crimson gloom, As if the late and early were but one'. There is more in those few words than in all Mr. Hirche's play. He was lucky to get so fine a performance as Miss Westbury's: inside information there.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Sport

I AM NOT a sporting type although in early life I was given every chance to become one. As an Englishman I would hesitate to make this humiliating confession were it not that the paucity

of my references to sporting commentaries has already stamped me. But at rare intervals I remind myself that by ignoring week after week the thousands of words broadcast about sport I am not covering my field. This struck me once again last week as I consulted *Radio Times* on Wednesday, and forthwith I determined to make a real sporting day of it. A glance through the programmes told me I had chosen well. To start with there was cricket and, as it turned out, a historic occasion in cricket. It was the first day of Surrey v. the Australians at the Oval, and although I switched on too late to hear history in the making, I was told all about it during the commentary, and I'm bound to say that I was thrilled at the news that the Surrey bowler Laker had bowled out the whole Australian side, an achievement not equalled since 1878.

Listening to the three o'clock commentary I had another eye-opener. One of the first things I learned as a schoolboy was the unutterable tedium of watching cricket. It was compulsory for the whole 550 of us, except those playing games themselves, to be present at school matches, but no one could compel me to watch and I spent the time much more agreeably in conversation with a friend, interrupted only by bursts of applause from the more attentive spectators. Last week, however, I found to my surprise that to watch cricket through the eyes of Rex Alston and Michael Charlton was a much pleasanter and more absorbing occupation than doing so through my own, and I actually saw much more of the game than I could possibly have seen from the distance at which I attended those school matches.

From the Oval to Newmarket with a turn of the wrist, and there I was, all set for the Newmarket Stakes. What put me against racing at an early age was, strange to say, my yearly attendance at the Tynedale Point-to-Point on a cold, windy hill in Northumberland. The races were exciting, of course—how could they not be?—but there were interminable intervals between them during which relays of grown-ups came and chatted to my parents and now and then talked down to me. The game, I found, wasn't worth the candle. But the Newmarket Stakes had none of such drawbacks as conveyed to me with almost unbearable vividness by the voices of Peter O'Sullivan from the grand stand and Harry Middleton, assisted by Roger Mortimer, from a point down the course. Pirate King, it is true, led all the way and won the race, but towards the end Induna crept up on Mosterton, and gave me all the excitement I wanted by coming in second.

Eight-thirty the same evening found me at the Rasunda Stadium at Solna near Stockholm, waiting to watch the second half of the soccer match between Sweden and England. After kicking my first and last goal at the age of fourteen and so securing victory for my side I retired for good and all from the football field, and only a faint insular hope that England would win fluttered my equanimity as I sat waiting for Raymond Glendenning to get cracking. But I have heard him on other occasions and I had no doubt that I would soon be swept off my feet. And so it was. Despite the facts that sun and wind combined to hamper the game and that, unlike me, neither side scored a single goal, Mr. Glendenning with his graphic reproduction of the scene, and his sudden exhilarating *accelerandos* from *andante maestoso* to headlong *prestissimo*, had me boiling with excitement soon after kick-off and kept me simmering till the final whistle. How does he manage, I kept wondering, never to become incoherent in those brief, torrential, yet detailed descriptions of each crisis, never to sacrifice grammar nor syntax to speed?

On Friday afternoon I had a sudden craving

to know how Surrey was doing against the Australians. I switched on, but the match was already over and I had missed another historic occasion. For the first time since 1912 an English county had beaten the Australians. I was overjoyed. Am I turning into a cricket fan?

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Two Rare Operas

IT WAS EXCITING to find two rare operas, Puccini's 'Suor Angelica' and Stravinsky's 'The Nightingale', announced for performance within a couple of days of each other. It was evidently to be an occurrence of distinct value to an opera enthusiast, to have these works in close contact and thus be able to compare and contrast their particular virtues. So it turned out to be, for the performances were excellent and gave us the style and much of the quality of the music admirably. Neither opera can be said to constitute a normal experience for even a widely travelled opera-goer. To many of us they must have seemed almost completely new; to me, certainly. It is so long since I heard the Puccini that I have forgotten the sight of it on the stage, while not a note of the music seemed to have remained in my memory. The Stravinsky opera I knew only as an orchestral suite made by the composer from the last two of the three acts, music that had stayed with me securely, without my losing any memory of its colours and rhythms. The opera I knew only from the printed page; enough, however, for me to make up my mind that it would not be anything like as effective, over the air, as the Puccini. The result was precisely the opposite. Which shows how misleading it is to judge broadcast opera, especially to pre-judge it, by standards of effectiveness that might work in the opera house.

Puccini's opera, about an errant princess turned nun and thereupon hounded to death by an irate aunt, was kept on the right side of boredom chiefly by the intelligent and dramatically impressive presentation of Angelica by Victoria Sladen. But not even that could bring the opera to life. The failure was not due to poor performance. The fault lies with those of us who expected Puccini's accustomed heat and splendour, whereas all he could provide was a weak solution of his usually heady mixture. That may be the reason for its weakness as a broadcast opera; the music too tame to hold a listener's interest without the eye to help.

The Stravinsky opera suited broadcasting wonderfully well. The little tale is simple and free from psychological entanglements. The whole action was easy to follow; indeed there was hardly any need for spoken commentary, so clear was every move in the delicious, childlike plot. The music sparkled with the weird light Stravinsky allows to beat upon it, soft but still strange and haunting in the entrancing song of the fisherman (which William McAlpine sang charmingly), brilliant and kaleidoscopic in the grotesque chinoiserie of the second and third acts. And there was Mattiilda Dobbs singing the precipitous and lovely music of the nightingale with such apparent ease, such remarkable precision and exact intonation as to make one wonder afresh at the perfection of her technique.

Broadcast for broadcast, where 'Suor Angelica' failed because the tension was loose, 'The Nightingale' which aimed much less high emotionally succeeded because everything was taut. Which suggests that the sound-broadcasting of opera has something to say for itself even when the actual work has not been written specially for the medium.

A few days before these operas, Mahler's near-

opera 'Das klagende Lied', which was to have been a stage work but became instead a cantata, brought with it the dense atmosphere of German romanticism, lit here and there by trumpet signals and warmed by distant horn calls. It seems incredible, but is no fiction, that this was the first appearance here of a work which dates from 1898 in the revised version given at this concert. It was worth waiting for; not the greatest Mahler but a very agreeable example of his most simple-minded style. The performance by the London Symphony Orchestra, the Gold-

smiths' Choral Union, and a group of able soloists under Walter Goehr was clear and reproduced much of the curiously childish vision in Mahler's cloudy mind.

There is nothing childish or romantic about Priaulx Rainier's 'Requiem'. The space of nearly a whole week was not too wide to separate works so completely alien to each other as this and the Mahler. They belong not so much to different centuries as to different climes of the mind and spirit. Rainier's vision of life and death, in her setting of David Gascoyne's

lines, bears no relationship to Mahler's. Her glance is more keen, her music is colder, though no less intense. Where Mahler lulls one into dreamy acceptance, she stirs one into something akin to revolt and leaves one greatly stimulated. The Purcell Singers under Imogen Holst sang this difficult unaccompanied music intelligently, and Peter Pears dealt with the exacting tenor solo as though it were the easiest thing imaginable.

SCOTT GODDARD

[Mr. Dyneley Hussey is on holiday]

The 'Father of Swedish Music'

KATHLEEN DALE on Johan Helmich Roman

The first performance in this country of the 'Swedish Mass' and the 'Jubilate' will be broadcast at 6.50 p.m. on Tuesday, May 29 (Third)

FROM the mid-eighteenth century onwards for nearly a century the Swedish court orchestra was directed almost exclusively by successive members of one family, the Dübens, who came originally from Leipzig. During the directorship of Gustaf Düben the elder, the second to hold office, one of a pastor and great-grandson of a professor of son of an ensign in the Finnish army, grandson of a pastor and great-grandson of a professor of mathematics at Uppsala university, Roman had been a 'singing-boy' in the household of the renowned Swedish soldier and statesman Magnus de la Gardie at Läckö castle. When economic pressure forced de la Gardie to disband his musicians, Roman migrated to Stockholm and joined the court orchestra as a violinist in 1683. Ten years later he married a Swedish noblewoman, Margaretha von Elswich. Of their six children only two sons grew to manhood. The elder, Johan Helmich, born in 1694 and godson of Gustaf Düben, was to win fame as the 'Father of Swedish music'.

Johan Helmich early revealed his musical gifts. At seven he appeared before the court with great success as a violinist; at sixteen he became a member of the orchestra, then directed by Andreas Düben the younger. Not only did Roman excel as a violinist and oboist. He had inherited strong intellectual and religious interests; he acquired a knowledge of English, French, German, and Italian as well as of Latin and Greek, and his feeling for the purity of the Swedish language was exceptionally keen. Members of the royal family were greatly impressed by his powers, and when he was granted leave of absence to study music abroad, the princess (later queen) Ulrika Eleonora helped him generously from her private purse.

Roman set out for London in 1714 or 1715 and was soon installed as a violinist at the opera house. At that time London was the meeting-place for many famous musicians from the continent, chief among whom were Handel, Geminiani, Ariosti, Giovanni Bononcini, and J. C. Pepusch. Whether Roman became a pupil of any one of them is uncertain, but it is thought that he studied with Pepusch, whose *Treatise on Harmony* he later translated into Swedish. Through his friendship with Bononcini, Roman was invited to play at the Duke of Marlborough's, where he won the admiration of the Duke of Newcastle and was appointed musician to his household. The growing fame of the 'Swedish virtuoso' evidently reached his native land, for in 1720 Roman was recalled to become assistant conductor of the court orchestra. During the next few years he composed large-scale works for court festivities: corona-

tion music for Fredrik I and cantatas for the birthdays of the royal couple. He also wrote orchestral and chamber music and in 1727 published a set of twelve *Sonate a Flauto traverso, Violone e Cembalo*, with a dedication in Italian to the queen.

Roman succeeded Andreas Düben in 1729 and immediately set about enlarging the orchestra and extending the repertory to include music by important contemporary composers, particularly Handel. In 1731 he directed a performance of Handel's Brookes Passion interpolated by Swedish chorales of his own arranging; in 1734 he gave 'Acis and Galatea' and 'Esther', both translated into Swedish. One of his special interests was the development of amateur music-making; many of his own compositions were written for home performers. In the early seventeen-thirties, with the help of his pupil and eventual successor Per Brandt, he organised the first series of public concerts to be given in Sweden. At these, the court orchestra was augmented by amateurs, regimental bandmen, and music pupils from schools. It was later Roman's proud boast that whereas in 1720 he had difficulty in assembling even twenty musicians, 'now we are well over a hundred, and all in Stockholm'. His plan to found a Swedish Academy of Music was not realised until after his death.

From 1735-37 Roman travelled abroad to seek treatment for his increasing deafness and to procure new music for the orchestra. After revisiting England and renewing his acquaintance with Handel, he stayed in Paris, Naples, and Rome, whence he travelled homewards by way of Bologna, Venice, Dresden, and other German cities. He acquired new fame with his own compositions and brought back to Stockholm a fine collection of music. In 1740 he received a signal honour. He was elected a member of the Swedish Academy of Sciences on the ground that his settings of Swedish texts 'had given the Academy a new experience of the adaptability of the Swedish language to church music, which according to ancient usage had retained the Latin tongue from pontifical times'.

In 1745 Roman's court duties were lightened by his being appointed intendant instead of conductor. He lived for a time at his small country property, Haraldsmåla, in south-east Sweden. In 1747 he was in Stockholm again, and in 1751 composed and directed the music for the king's funeral and the coronation of Adolf Fredrik. Owing to declining health he withdrew from public life but continued to compose sacred music during his retirement at Haraldsmåla, where he died of cancer in 1758.

Roman's lifetime spanned the period of transition between the late Baroque and the new *galant*

styles of composition. Even before his death his works were losing currency and they gradually sank into oblivion. Not until 1914 was he 'rediscovered', when a Swedish musician, Patrik Vretblad, published a two-volume biography of Roman with a thematic catalogue of his works, some of which he edited for performance. Younger Swedish musicologists, including Vretblad's son, have carried out extensive research into Roman's production, and a fair number of his works are now in print.

The 'Jubilate' (Psalm 100), with Swedish words from the Bible of Charles XII (1703), was composed in 1743 and first published in 1938. The whole work glows with exultancy. The massive chordal writing of the two outer movements, the flowing, lilting melody of the duet for soprano and bass ('Be ye sure that the Lord He is God'), the robust fugal central section and the pensive andante ('For the Lord is gracious') before the final chorus all recall features of Handel's style. The 'Swedish Mass', a *Kyrie* and *Gloria* for concert performance, is even more reminiscent of Handel, especially the soprano solo ('We praise Thee'), with its dotted notes and occasional cross-bar rhythm. The tonal scheme of the Mass is unusually diversified, only three of the thirteen movements being in the basic key of F major. The differences in mood and expressive character between the individual movements are finely conceived. The graceful decorative runs in the opening section of the *Gloria* and the powerful sweep of the fugal finale form the strongest possible contrast. Extremely beautiful are the purling *Andantino* in A major ('O Lord, the only-begotten Son') and a stately *Largo* in E minor ('Thou that takest away the sins of the world'). This magnificent achievement by the 'Father of Swedish music' deserves a kinder fate than to have been left in manuscript for over two centuries.

The Henry Wood Promenade Concerts will open at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday, July 21, and will continue until September 15. Single tickets for the first and last concerts are to be allocated by two ballots—ballot number one for the first concert and ballot number two for the last concert. Written application must be made separately for each ballot, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope, to the Royal Albert Hall, S.W.7, by Saturday, June 2. Envelopes must be marked in the top left-hand corner with the number of the ballot. Remittances should not be enclosed. Applicants must not apply for more than two tickets in each ballot. Opening booking dates for concerts other than the first and last nights, and for season tickets, will be announced later. The prospectus (price 6d.) will be available from the middle of June.



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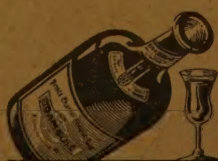
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CHAPMAN & HALL

For the Housewife

Defeating the Moth Grub

By RUTH DREW

THE favourite food of the moth grub is dirty fluff. This simple fact is the clue to defeating it in one perfectly simple way. If we put woollens away now scrupulously clean and wrapped up in airtight parcels, the mother moth will not get a chance to lay eggs in the wool fibres, and there will not be a nursery of grubs later on munching away at our clothes. Newspaper makes a practical wrapping—several thicknesses of it, with the joins tightly sealed. You can use transparent sticky tape, or brown-paper tape—anything which makes a proper seal. And, talking of brown paper, you can use sheets of this for the parcelling, if you like; again several thicknesses, to be on the safe side. There is another effective form of wrapping, one I have used myself, with great success, that is to put the clean woollens away in sealed polythene bags.

By way of an extra safeguard you can include a handful of special crystals in your parcels—crushed and scattered in between the folds. There are various proprietary brands of these crystals in the shops. Or, you can buy them at the chemist's under the cumbersome name of paradichlorbenzene. This chemical gives off a vapour which is strong enough to kill moths and grubs and destroy eggs. But it works properly only in a sealed container. If you scatter paradichlorbenzene crystals in a drawer or a cupboard, they dwindle to nothing, and the vapour has soon gone on the four winds.

It is well worth remembering this simple fact: a good anti-moth measure is a combination of prolonged exposure to sunshine and a brisk brushing or beating. The brushing should con-

centrate on rooting out every scrap of nourishing, gritty fluff from such places as trouser turn-ups, under collars and lapels, and so on. And if the worst has happened and you come across destruction actually in progress—grubs at work—what is to be done? You can wash the things at once, and thoroughly, if they are washable, or have them dry cleaned. Another method is to attack with steam: simply cover the mothy part with a wet cloth and press hard with a hot iron. It is obvious that this sizzles away grubs and eggs in a matter of seconds.

You may be wondering about more modern methods of fighting the moth. What can we do ourselves with sprays or with shampoos? There are some very effective shampoos to be had. The principle is simple enough: the shampoos contain D.D.T. The wool fibres pick up a great deal of this during the washing process—enough to protect the material in storage for twelve months or more. Then sprays: here the entomologists say firmly that the amateur cannot effect anything like permanent mothproofing by spraying, or, for that matter, 100 per cent. sure short-term protection. But we can give quite a bit of protection by careful and thorough spraying with the right stuff. If you favour spraying your woollens, ask for a household insecticide which contains five per cent. D.D.T. or 0.5 per cent. lindane. All parts of the material must be moistened by the spray if it is to be effective. On the whole, though, my entomologist friends seem to agree that sprays are not the best means of fighting the moth and its grub.

A last word about something which I think interests all of us. How are manufacturers help-

ing the moth battle by proofing their woollen goods? They seem to be using three main methods. The first involves a change in the chemical constitution of wool during manufacture. The effect is to take out all the nourishment, so the grubs die of starvation. This treatment survives subsequent washing or dry cleaning. The second method involves a special dyeing process—and entomologists regard this as reasonably permanent. The effect this time is to poison the insects which eat the wool. The third process is impregnation: insecticide is sprayed on to the surface, or included in a fluid used as a dip. But this last method does not survive washing or dry cleaning.

—'Home for the Day'

Notes on Contributors

- TERENCE PRITTE (page 667): *The Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Germany
- SIR JOHN BALFOUR, G.C.M.G. (page 669): British Ambassador in Madrid, 1951-54
- CHRISTOPHER MORRIS (page 671): Lecturer in History, Cambridge University; author of *The Tudors, Political Thought in England: Tyndale to Hooker*, etc.
- NIGEL WALKER (page 675): Chairman of the Davidson Clinic, Edinburgh
- NORMAN BIRNBAUM (page 677): American sociologist; Lecturer in Sociology, London School of Economics
- GUY BUTLER (page 680): Professor of English, Rhodes University, Grahamstown

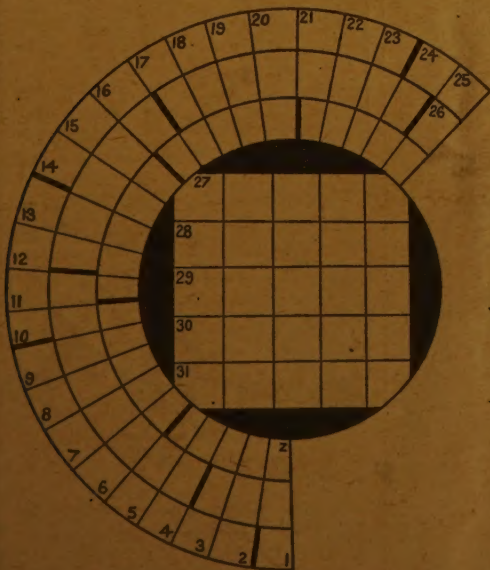
Crossword No. 1,356.

Fair Exchange.

By Leon

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, May 31. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.



The code used in the puzzle is to be discovered; its origin should be obvious. If not, a hard look at the diagram may ring a bell.

All radial lights read inwards. All are of four letters. The first and second letters of each word will in most cases be represented in the diagram by one of their circle of acquaintances; so that reading clockwise from 1 and continuing anti-clockwise from 26 a relevant quotation can be read. Gram-marians will be interested to know that the quotation exemplifies a certain figure of speech. The third letter of each light is to be entered by its equivalent digit in the code. The fourth letter is reserved for the word square in the middle, to which no clue is given, except the encoded forms of the words given below. Lastly, as a check for the third circle, this is comprised of five perfect squares, reading from Z.

RADIAL LIGHTS

- Smuggles of old
- Make turbid
- Men only
- Leading lady
- C₅H₁₁
- Buffalo butter
- Pertaining to the ears
- 'The — of diamonds for his destined boon'
- Smears with tar
- A young sprout of a cabbage
- Well found up North
- Burmese river

- Pacific Isles, Aye! Aye!
- Stroke in keeping time
- Leer from the box
- Swimming tunicate
- 'His wand against the empty air times —'
- Phonetic heroine
- Nearly evening
- Tobacco field
- Whip-tops
- Beg or sponge
- Scoff and almost carp
- Taking extra time
- = 1.

WORD SQUARE

- 42537
- 24273
- 52846
- 37427
- 73673

Solution of No. 1,354

8	7	3	9	1	1	2	0	6	8
3	0	0	0	0	4	3	7	4	7
4	7	1	6	0	6	0	6	4	5
4	9	0	0	4	2	4	9	4	6
2	2	2	7	7	4	4	4	2	5
4	7	6	2	3	2	5	7	0	5
7	7	2	3	5	3	4	2	4	7
5	3	5	3	6	5	8	2	1	9
7	1	1	0	6	5	6	6	1	8

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Miss M. Lormer (Wembley Park); 2nd prize: Miss H. Page (Bristol, 8); 3rd prize: S. J. Tupper (Petts Wood)

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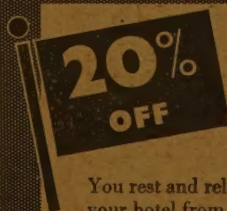
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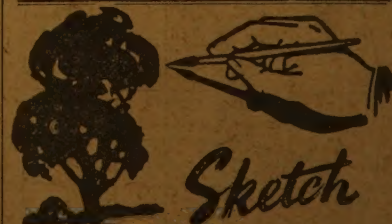
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